

# THE LONDON READER

of Literature, Science, Art, and General Information.

THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.]

[REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

No. 794.—VOL. XXXI.]

FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 20, 1878.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[THE ADMONITION.]

## BOUND TO THE TRAWL.

By the Author of "Clytie Cranbourne," "The Golden Bowl," "Poor Loo," etc.

### CHAPTER I.

#### A WAIF IN THE WORLD.

There is a reaper whose name is Death,  
And with his sickle keen  
He mows the bearded grain with a breath  
And the flowers that grow between.

LONGFELLOW.

"TAKE me out! Help me! Oh, I am dying!"

Such was the cry, followed by a moan, that came from under a heap of shattered and broken railway carriages, for there had been a collision on the Great Eastern Railway, and the number of accidents was something fearful.

It was some time before this sufferer's cry attracted any attention, and it had become low and fitful, little more than a succession of moans, when some of the uninjured passengers, with others who had come to the spot to help, managed at length to remove the piled-up carriages and extricate the poor creature from her painful position.

You could see that she was young and beautiful.

Her dress denoted that she was a lady. A first-class railway ticket was found in her pocket, and she wore a wedding-ring. That was all they could tell, for by the time they had got her out she had fainted.

Very carefully they carried her to the nearest place of shelter, a roadside inn.

A doctor was soon in attendance, and for many hours the poor creature lay between life and death, moaning in dreadful agony, and calling vainly and wearily:

"Basil, my husband!"

When the morning dawned the struggle was over.

The lovely eyes had closed to open no more in this world.

The angels of life and death had both visited that scantily-furnished room, and a healthy baby boy, who, though motherless, gave every sign of intending to live, made his advent that cold, wintry morning, to be welcomed only by strangers.

So sudden had death been that the doctor asked no questions, or, if he had, he gained no replies to them, and now she was dead there was no clue to her identity, no proof as to whom she belonged, except the name of Rosburn that was marked upon her linen.

Inquiries were made in every direction to find some relative of the dead who would take care of and provide for the friendless babe, but without result.

Descriptions of the deceased and advertisements for anyone belonging to her to come forward appeared in various newspapers, but received no answer, and the question which demanded instant solution was: What was to become of the child?

The doctor, a kind-hearted man, would have adopted the little waif, but he had lost his own wife and babe but a few weeks before, and had just completed arrangements for selling his

practice and going out to India, so what could he do with so young a child?

Had the boy been a valuable pet animal instead of a human being there would have been outstretched hands enough to welcome him; but those who could have sheltered him shrank from the responsibility, so Basil Rosburn, as he was christened, was taken to the nearest workhouse, where one of the pauper women who had lost her own babe but a day or two before welcomed the little stranger that had come to fill its place, and soon learnt to love it almost as much as the one she had lost.

Such was Basil Rosburn's entry into life—his parentage unknown, the home of his childhood a workhouse.

It is unnecessary that we follow our hero for the next fourteen years except to take one leap over that lapse of time.

He was treated kindly enough, both in the workhouse and in the industrial school to which, when old enough, he was removed, until the time had come for him to be apprenticed to a trade.

I don't know if a choice is always offered to a boy on these occasions.

If not, he was an exception to the rule, for the lad was wild to go to sea, and in accordance with his desire he was apprenticed to the master of a fishing-smack.

Not a very grand 'start in life, you may think.

But then everything is small or great considered only from the point from which we view it.

It was a wild, gusty day, and the sea, which Basil now saw for the first time, looked angry,

with its dark waves flecked with foam, as they rolled in upon the sands at Great Burmouth.

The boy was awed and overwhelmed at the sight.

He had heard and read of the sea, of ships like huge birds travelling on its surface to far distant lands, of the wonderful things those countries contained, and he was lost in dreamy wonder, not unmixed with awe, for the lad was strangely dreamy and imaginative, when a rough grasp was laid on his shoulder, and a voice, that sounded as though only accustomed to be heard in a storm, said:

"Wake up, younker, I aint bargained for an idiot, have I?"

"I—I was wondering!" replied Basil, starting from his reverie; "what shall I do, sir?"

"Do; don't go wondering any more," was the gruff reply, "and get into the house. Meg there will show you where to stow yourself; we shan't go on board till to-morrow, so don't get into mischief while we're ashore."

With which admonition, Captain Growler turned to leave the very dilapidated habitation that he called his home.

Basil glanced at the woman to whose care he was handed over. She was tall, thin, angular and severe looking; a person who seemed to have an inexhaustible supply of energy in her wiry frame, and to expect every other human being to be as active as herself.

"Ah, you're the parish 'prentice, I 'spose?" she observed, surveying him critically. "You're big and strong, I see," she went on, while her eye seemed to soften, "but you don't look as if fishing was just what you're made for."

"Do you think not?" asked the boy, quickly, and beginning to think his new acquaintance was not so ugly after all. "I am strong, and used to hard work," he added; "besides, I mean to do my best."

"Well, that's something for it to be sure, but what caps me in that a workhouse brat should come by a face like that?"

And Meg Topsam stuck her hands on her hips, her elbows forming very decided angles, and proceeded to examine the lad's face, as though he were some curious work of art.

"Well, m'am; what is there about me that you don't like?" he asked, with a smile, though his cheek flushed under the fixed stare.

"Tisn't what I don't like, it's what you're got," she answered, vaguely; "but never mind, pick up your bundle and come along. I'll show you where you're to sleep when you're ashore," and she led the way to a room at the top of the house, so tiny that there was scarcely space for anything besides the truckle bed, which Meg pointed to.

"There," she said, with evident pride, "'tain't many a 'prentice as have got a clean bed like that one to come to, and mind you deserves it, my lad; you'll know what it's worth when you're out of stormy nights, and not being sure that you'll ever come to land or ever get a wink of sleep again."

"Thank you; it's very nice, I am sure," replied the lad, depositing his bundle in a corner, and grateful for this nook in the world which he might call his own. Then he added, seeing that the woman showed no intention of leaving him: "The master says we don't go to sea till to-morrow, can I do anything to help you?"

"Help me!" repeated Meg. "Well, that is an idea. Now, what do you think you could do to help me?"

And she looked down from her six feet of stature, in the pityingly contemptuous manner with which the fabled lion might have regarded the tiny mouse when it offered its valuable assistance.

"It depends on what you want done," said the lad, cheerfully. "In the industrial school, you know, we learnt to do everything, but if you don't want me I think I'll go out again and look at the sea."

"You'll have enough of the sea without going out to look at it now, I guess," replied the woman, "and since you're so clever 'praps you can do a bit of carpentering. I've got two chairs broke to pieces, mend them up if you can, and I'll say you're worth something."

"Oh, yes, I can do that," smiled Basil, as he followed Meg to the kitchen, where the broken articles of furniture happened to be.

Here by the fire, seated on a low stool, an open book on her lap, her hands clasped loosely on the page, and her eyes fixed with a wandering furrowed gaze upon the glowing coals, sat a girl of some twelve or thirteen years of age.

She glanced up carelessly enough as Meg and Basil entered the room, but she never changed her position, and returned to her occupation of fire-gazing, as though their presence could not disturb her.

The girl's listlessness was such an utter contrast to Meg's bustling activity, that even the boy could not help involuntarily looking from one to the other with wonder and surprise.

"Uh, you may well look," observed Meg, detecting the glance; "did you ever see a picture of business equal to that? Katie, do, for goodness' sake, do something, and not go moping before the fire; you're enough to make me burst up in pieces, you are, to see you sitting there like a jelly-fish, instead of moving about as spry as a cricket. How can you sit and mope for hours together in this way, child?"

"I am not moping, aunt," was the placid reply; "I am thinking. I wonder if jelly-fish think; I know it would be very unpleasant to be like a cricket, always making a noise and hopping about, and doing nothing in the world but frighten people; I want to do something grand and great, something to be remembered for when I am gone."

"Yes, you are a likely one to do anything, to sit with your hands clasped before you all day long, but it's no good her speaking to you when your uncle takes your part and upholds you in your idleness. This is the new 'prentice, don't go filling his head with your notions, that's all, or there'll be two drones in the house instead of one."

The girl made no reply, except to give a keener look at the boy, a look that seemed to take in every detail of his face and figure, as though she would make a mental note of them; then she turned to her book as if its pages contained the greatest interest in the world for her.

It was not long before the chairs were mended to Meg's entire satisfaction, and, it is almost needless to say, that Basil went up in her estimation at least fifty per cent. in consequence.

Perhaps this had something to do with the fact, that a more than usually tempting tea was placed on the table that afternoon, for there were few women who knew how to do things in that line better than Meg Topsam.

Even Katie, as Meg called her, seemed to wake out of her dreamy condition at this time, and to be sufficiently human and feminine to take an interest in the lad who was to become an inmate of the house.

Not that Miss Margaret Topsam had ever admitted a 'prentice to her table before, but there was, as she afterwards expressed it, something so "canny" about the boy, that she quite "took to him at once."

Basil too, was equally at home with his new friends; had a man been present it might have been different, but Captain Growler was not expected home to tea, and consequently the little party was undisturbed.

"And you never saw the sea before to-day?" asked Katie, in surprise, as Basil made a remark to that effect.

"No, but I should like to go down to the shore after tea, if I may," was the reply, with a glance of inquiry at Meg.

"Of course you may," returned Katie, quickly. "I'll take you down there myself."

And Meg for a wonder made no objection; perhaps she thought the walk might rouse her niece from the dreamy condition in which she often fell, or she might from past experience have known that protest would be of little avail, at any rate she made no comment, and as soon as the meal was over, the boy and girl prepared to start off for the shore.

"As pretty a pair as ever I see!" mused Meg, as she stood watching them. "But what am I thinking on," she added, recalling herself

with a start, "a parish 'prentice and a girl who have no more notion of mending a stocking or washing a shirt than any babe unborn. Why you're an idiot, Meg Topsam, that's what you are, as big an idiot almost as she is, with her book learning. But he's got a face that's enough to make even an old woman like me think of what he might be, and what he ought to be. Poor lad, there's only one thing he may be thankful for, and that is that he isn't a lass; there is a chance for him now, and there wouldn't have been the ghost of one for him then."

With which reflection on the disadvantages of her own sex, Miss Topsam turned from the window to attend to her household work.

## CHAPTER II.

### AN UNWELCOME ADDITION.

Alas! the heart that only bleeds  
Has nought to fear from outward blow;  
Who falls from all he knows of bliss  
Cares little into what abyss.

BYRON.

EVERYTHING was new to Basil. The beach, the boats, the incoming tide, even the stones and shells that lay on the sands had a fascination for him, and Katie, amused at his surprise, pitying his ignorance of things which it seemed to her everyone must know, condescended to talk to him about himself, then about the life he was likely to lead, and a feeling of protection which some girls feel for boys who are in reality their elders came into Katie's heart for the friendless youth at her side.

It was not love, nothing approaching it, the same interest might have been bestowed upon a lame dog, a homeless cat, or a wounded bird; it was a kind of motherly protection, that under the circumstances was amusing, since, while she protected, she likewise tyrannised over him herself most unreasonably.

That is what it grew to be, but this evening Katie was at her best; disposed to be amused and to amuse, she was glad of a companion too; her life after all was a very quiet, even a dull one, and children take so little notice of social distinctions, that she was scarcely prepared for the frown that came over her uncle's face as in walking along the shore he met them.

"Well, Katie, my lass, who have you got there?" asked Captain Growler: "what, my new 'prentice! What business have you walking with my niece, sir?"

"I brought him out, uncle," replied the girl, stepping forward to bear the blame if there were any; "he had never seen the sea before to-day, and I wanted a run, so we came out together."

"Umph! so I see," was the growling response; "well, you needn't go home together anyhow. I'll take you back, and as for the lad he can look after himself."

Katie would have protested, but she knew that on some points her uncle was utterly unmanageable, and she remembered also that it would be the greatest possible injury she could do the lad if she excited her relative's anger against him; so she said cheerfully enough:

"Very well, uncle," and turning to Basil, added: "You will be able to find your way back very well alone."

And as the boy touched his cap and went on his way, receiving the hint that his presence was not desired, humbly, if not with satisfaction, Captain Growler's eyes followed him, and then turned upon his niece uneasily.

"That comes of a fellow having a good-looking figure-head," he muttered, under his breath. "If he'd been ugly, the women would have seen him smoked like a bloater afore they'd have taken up with him," and then he dropped the subject, and began to talk to his niece about her books, what she had been doing during the day, and to tell her stories of far off countries which he had seen, for Capt. Growler had been a sailor before he settled down as master and part owner of a fishing smack at Great Burmouth.

Captain Growler was not a bad-natured man,



but he was rough, hasty in temper, imperious in exacting instant obedience, and was yielding and indulgent only to one human being, his niece, Katie Jessop.

Nothing was good enough for her; his cousin Meg, who kept house for him, might grumble as much as she chose at the manner in which the girl dreamed, and read her life away, instead of assisting in the housework, or occupying herself in some more practical manner than she did, but the captain, though he could not stop her tongue, insisted that Katie should do as she liked, while he was master in his own house.

Katie filled the one warm bright spot in his heart, no wonder then that she loved him more even than some girls love their parents.

Thus Katie was always glad to go for a walk with her uncle, and in their pleasant conversation Basil Rosburn's very existence was for the time forgotten.

Meanwhile our hero walked along the shore, missing his bright companion, and feeling grieved and humiliated at the anger and scorn which Captain Growler had exhibited when he saw him walking and talking on terms of equality with his niece.

Was he so very much inferior to these people, he wondered?

Little as he knew of the world or its ways outside the workhouse and industrial school, he was yet conscious of the fact that Captain Growler and his family were very poor, and even common people; that there were others who were very many grades in life above them, and if they, being comparative nobodies, still looked down upon him, what must his position in the social scale be?

At the very bottom rung of the ladder—in the very mud itself, was the answer; and wild, vague hopes and aspirations such as children brought up as he had been perhaps seldom get, or indulge in, surged up in his mind, urging him onward in the hot race of life.

The sun had set and it was quite dark when Basil returned to his new home and found his master, with Meg and Katie, seated at supper.

"I thought you had lost yourself," remarked Meg as she opened the door to him.

"Yes, I had, ma'am, I hope I am not very late," he replied, as he took off his cap and came into the kitchen or living room where they were at supper.

His master scarcely noticed him, Katie gave him a nod, and Meg Topsam put out his supper and put it on a side table, as a hint that though he had tea with them as an equal, the master being home, he must now fall into his proper place.

All of which the boy marked and remembered; indeed, this first day of his new life ground itself into his memory.

Katie's singularly pretty face, with her great thoughtful eyes making such a contrast to the others; his master, stern and weather-beaten, and Meg, ugly enough in all conscience, and yet with a kindly gleam in her keen eye that redeemed its plainness, and made it almost lovable.

Directly supper was over, Basil was informed that he could go to bed.

Captain Growler lighted his pipe, and brewed himself a stiff glass of rum and water, Meg proceeded to clear away the supper things, and Katie sat down on her stool in the corner, falling into her old habit of watching the burning fire.

She was aroused from her reverie by her uncle's voice saying to Meg rather than to her:

"I tell you to begin with, Meg, I won't have it, so now you know; the boy will be well enough if he knows his place and is made to keep it, but if you women fill his head with notions that don't become a parish prentice, why he'll only come in for an extra amount of rope's end, so I tell you."

"Lawk a massy, what are you going on about?" demanded Meg, who always would have her say, let her cousin storm as he might. "What's been done, I'd like to know, for you to go on like that?" she continued. "There's

Katie goes moping over the fire all day long burning her eyes out, and losing all the colour in her cheeks, and because she takes the boy with her along the beach, just as she might take a dog if she had got one, and I'm precious glad to see a bit of life and spirit in her like other girls, you're a going on as if you was crazy. I tell you what, Chris, you'll live to rue the day Katie ever come into the world if you don't get her some companions or work; you keep her away from other folks's children, and she'll grow up an old woman afore she is a young one at this rate."

"It was my fault, uncle," interrupted Katie. "I saw aunt look black at me when I told the boy I'd take him down to the beach, but I didn't think there was any harm in it, and I didn't think you would mind it, and, oh, it was such fun to hear him ask the questions he did; he seems to have been shut up in a box all his life, and to have only got a few odd peeps out of the cracks at the sides."

"Umph!" grunted the captain, "he'll soon get all that taken out of him; I hate them genteel looking fellows, but they always get on with the women."

"Lawk a massy!" cried Miss Topsam again, putting down a dish with a bang, "he ain't got much in that way to boast of, poor little chap; it's his being so bright and handy that made me take to him; he mended them two chairs for me as neat as a carpenter, and then you talks about being genteel; augh, Chris, the fishes have took the sense out of your head; you've got a maggot in your pipe, and you thinks you must smoke it;" with which observation Meg left the room.

Captain Growler was silenced though not convinced, the discussion, however, struck the keynote of Basil Rosburn's life in the home and trade to which he was bound.

The next day Basil's work commenced. At an early hour he was sent down to the smack, which was a large one, to make himself useful, a matter that was somewhat difficult, since knowing nothing about what was to be done he seemed to get into everybody's way, and to be required to help everybody, a fact that somewhat bewildered the poor lad.

He was bright and cheerful, however, tried to do his best, and if he came in for a few oaths, his training had not been such as to make him particularly sensitive upon that point.

All went well enough until they had got some five or six miles out at sea, and then the boy became sea-sick, and as useless as most people are in that condition, while the smack went its way before the wind splendidly.

Their fishing grounds were some seventy or eighty miles off from the English coast, and it was not far from night-fall when the trawl nets were lowered, every hand on board helping, and the vessel was allowed to drift about until daylight, when the nets, now full of fish, were with great labour hauled into the boat.

But what a night that was to poor Basil. As the hours rolled on, the cold became intense, or it seemed so to him, and the desire to sleep was overpowering, so much so, that once or twice he fell off in a dose, to be awakened by a rough shake from some of the men who came across him.

There were two other boys on board, Basil, however, being the only apprentice, and both of them gave themselves airs on their freedom, and seemed to treat the poor workhouse lad as though he were something lower than themselves.

All this Basil felt, and the consciousness of it ground the iron into his soul, and raised in him a spirit of indomitable rebellion against the injustice of the world, and resolution to conquer it, which was without doubt the secret source of the strength which his mind and character acquired, and which enabled him to buffet with and subdue the difficulties of his position in life.

Some natures, like a natural spring of water, cannot be cramped or crushed.

They will find their level, let the repressing power upon them be what they may, and if for a time they seem to be subdued, it is only while

they are gathering strength for a more successful outburst. But we must hurry on.

Basil Rosburn's life is before him—a strange life, stranger than that of most men, with dense dark shadows in it, so dense that the sunshine which is beyond can scarcely penetrate them.

Thus several months passed on.

Basil soon learnt the duties expected of him, and, more than that, his fingers were quick and nimble (his training in the industrial school had not been in vain), until at last he gained the sobriquet of "Handy Jack" among the men, from the readiness with which he made himself useful.

During this time he saw but little of Katie Jessop.

His stay on shore was never a long one. There was always plenty of work on board the smack, and if he got back to his tiny room in Captain Growler's house twice a week he considered himself lucky.

And yet, few as the boy's opportunities were, he contrived to read and improve his mind. Instinctively he felt that knowledge was power.

He knew, though he might not be able to frame the thought in words, that Katie was unlike other girls, simply through her intense and craving desire to store her mind with intellectual food, and carve out for herself some career which should enable her to help others in the same need.

True that Katie seemed too dreamy ever to seriously accomplish much, but she left Basil her books, and even helped him out of a difficulty when he would otherwise have been disheartened.

His master, too, seemed to have got over his suspicious jealousy of the lad, partly, it must be confessed, through Meg's and Katie's tact in seeming to take so little notice of him, and partly, also, through the cheerful obedience that was always rendered to him.

But a change was coming over Basil's fortunes.

Hitherto he had been the only apprentice on the smack.

Now there was another, a bigger lad than himself, one whose father had just died, and whose uncle had offered Captain Growler a small premium to take the lad off his hands.

To an outsider this might mean nothing, but to poor Basil, the workhouse boy, it meant taking away the few glimpses of happiness that made his hard life tolerable.

For George Crabtree was to share his tiny room, to fare as he fared, to be, in fact, his shadow, his evil genius, who should try to hurl him down to the very depths of infamy.

Hitherto Basil had been quietly humoured and petted by Meg and Katie—had been treated as one of them when the master was out of the way. But now all this must cease.

There could not be two favoured apprentices in the house, and so Basil found he must rough it like his companion, and worse than that, being younger and weaker than George Crabtree, he was often compelled to endure injustice and even cruelty at his hands.

Thus another year passed on, unmarked by any startling event.

Basil was sixteen, George Crabtree nearly seventeen, when another element came in to make the feud and animosity between these two lads greater and deeper.

The element was love; the consequence, jealousy.

Both were in love with Katie Jessop. Each knew the other's secret.

The girl herself seemed unconscious of or indifferent to the feeling she inspired, and had Captain Growler suspected it his fury would have known no bounds.

But such passions once existent bring forth results dire and terrible, and the gathering storm came on ready to break over the heads of its unconscious victims.

(To be Continued.)

SOME ancient silver coins, including pennies of Edward IV., have been dug up at Coventry.

## THE CASE OF CONSTANCE KENT.

DR. J. C. BUCKNILL, in closing the second of his Lumlilan Lectures on "Insanity in its Legal Relations" before the Royal College of Physicians, said:

"It is a happy circumstance for us professionally that we have not often to give direct evidence of crime. It is painful enough to give negative evidence which is incriminating. The most remarkable case in which I have been concerned, not even excepting that of Victor Townley, was the case of Constance Kent, who murdered her young brother, and escaped detection. After an interval of several years, a truly conscientious motive led her to confess, and the most painful and interesting duty fell to my lot of examining her for the purpose of ascertaining whether it would be right to enter the plea of 'not guilty on the ground of insanity.'

"I was compelled to advise against it, and her counsel, Mr. (now Lord) Coleridge, on reading the notes of my examination, admitted that I could not do otherwise. By her own wish, and that of her relatives, I published a letter in the 'Times,' describing the material facts of the crime, but, to save the feelings of those who were alive at the time, I did not make known the motive, and on this account it has been that the strange portent has remained in the history of our social life that a young girl, not insane, should have been capable of murdering her beautiful boy-brother in cold blood and without motive. I think the right time and opportunity have come for me to explain away this apparent monstrosity of conduct. A real and dreadful motive did exist.

"The girl's own mother, having become partially demented, was left by her husband to live in the seclusion of her own room, while the management of the household was taken over the heads of grown-up daughters by a high-spirited governess, who, after the decease of the first Mrs. Kent, and a decent interval, became Constance Kent's step-mother. In this position she was unwise enough to make disparaging remarks about her predecessor, little dreaming, poor lady, of the fund of rage and revengeful feeling she was stirring up in the heart of her young step-daughter.

"To escape from her hated presence Constance once ran away from home, but was brought back; and after this she only thought of the most efficient manner of wreaking her vengeance. She thought of poisoning her step-mother, but that, on reflection, she felt would be no real punishment, and then it was that she determined to murder the poor lady's boy, her only child.

"A dreadful story this; but who can fail to pity the depths of household misery which it denotes? At her arraignment Constance Kent persisted in pleading 'Guilty.'

"Had the plea been 'Not Guilty,' it would, I suppose, have been my most painful duty to have told the court the tragic history which I now tell to you, in the belief that it can give no pain to those concerned in it, and that it is mischievous that so great and notorious a crime should remain unexplained."

## KANGAROO LEATHER.

In Australia the advantages of the hide of the kangaroo over ordinary cow hide has long been acknowledged, but heretofore the trade has been carried on to only a limited extent. In the face, however, of the great increase in the number of the marsupials which, says the "Colonies and India," has recently taken place in the settled districts, and particularly in Queensland, and the necessity for turning to advantage the enormous number of skins procured in the kangaroo hunts which have been organised in consequence, the colonists have at last taken up the question, and several shipments of kangaroo leather have been made to England. Many of the skins are merely sun-dried, while others are tanned; but the quality of the produce is highly appreciated, the toughness, lightness,

and suppleness of the leather combining to render it superior to any other kind.

It is hoped the demand that will spring up for the article will not induce the colonists to go to the other extreme, and imitate, in the case of the kangaroo, the example which the Americans are setting, in the case of the buffalo, or bison, by improving them off the earth while yet there is room for both them and "civilisation" in the interior of Australia.

## "NOBODY TO BLAME."

We hear the old familiar cry  
Again, and yet again,  
"A great collision on the road,"  
"A shipwreck on the main,"  
The "jeopardy to life and limb,"  
The "wreck by flood and flame,"  
And yet we find, of all our kind,  
There's "nobody to blame."

Calamities thus multiply,  
And every heart is stirred,  
And yet each fellow "did his best,"  
If we believe his word.  
The poor may lose their little all,  
The good man and the dame,  
When banks shall break, or rogues shall  
take  
With "nobody to blame."

The shiftless soul neglects his land,  
And finds his harvest late,  
Then lays the blame to Providence,  
Or blindly rails at fate.  
The watchman slumbers at his post,  
The pilot risks his name,  
The rogue absconds with bill and  
bonds  
And "nobody's to blame."

'Tis better in the rush of life  
To do our duty well,  
For how a lapse from right may end  
No recreant soul can tell.  
Yet if we should commit a wrong,  
Then never let us claim  
That wrong ends right, but  
Declare, "I was to blame." M. A. H.

## WHAT A SPIDER EATS PER DIEM.

In order to test what a spider can do in the way of eating, we arose about daybreak in the morning to supply his fine web with a fly. At first, however, the spider did not come from its retreat, so we peeped among the leaves, and there discovered that an earwig had been caught, and was now being feasted on.

The spider left the earwig, rolled up the fly, and at once returned to his "first course." This was at half-past 5 a.m. in September.

At 7 a.m. the earwig had been demolished, and the spider, after resting awhile, and probably enjoying a nap, came down for the fly, which he had finished at 9 a.m. A little after 9 we supplied him with a daddy-long-legs, which he ate by noon.

At 1 o'clock a blow-fly was greedily seized, and then immediately, with an appetite apparently no worse for his previous indulgence, he commenced on the blow-fly.

During the day and towards evening, a great many small green flies, or what are popularly termed midges, had been caught in the web; of these we counted one hundred and twenty all dead and fast prisoners in the spider's net. Soon after dark, provided with a lantern, we went to examine whether the spider was suffering from indigestion, or in any other way, from his previous meals; instead, however, of being thus affected, he was employed in rolling up together the various little green midges, when he took them to his retreat and tea. This process he repeated, carrying up the lots in little detachments, until the web was eaten, for the web and its contents were bundled up together.

A slight rest of about an hour was followed by the most industrious web-making process, and before daybreak another web was ready to be used in the same way. Taking the relative size of the spider, and of the creatures it ate, and applying this to man, it would be somewhat as follows:—At daybreak, a small alligator was eaten; at 7 a.m., a lamb; at 9 a.m., a young camelopard; at 10 o'clock, a sheep; and during the night 120 larks.

This, we believe, would be a very fair allowance for a man during twenty-four hours, and could we find one gifted with such an appetite and digestion, we can readily comprehend how he might spin five miles of web without killing himself, provided he possessed the necessary machinery.—"New Era."

## THE BADGE OF THE ORDER OF THE CROWN OF INDIA FOR LADIES.

THE establishment of this new Order of Distinction by the Queen, which was announced at the commencement of the year, is commemorative of Her Majesty's assumption of the title of "Empress of India," and the 1st day of January is to be the anniversary of its institution.

The reigning monarch of England and India is to be the Sovereign of the Order, and it will be conferred on Princesses of the Royal House, distinguished Indian ladies, and English ladies the wives or other relations of Viceroy, Governors of Madras or Bombay, or Secretaries of State for India. It has already been bestowed upon thirty-six ladies, including Her Majesty's daughters and daughters-in-law.

The decoration is a jewelled badge, composed of the Imperial cipher, "V.R. and I.," in diamonds, pearls, and turquoise, within a border of pearls, surmounted by the Imperial crown. The monogram in the centre of the badge was designed by Mr. J. Macmichael, of South Audley Street, Grosvenor Square, and mounted in gold and precious stones by Messrs. Garrard and Sons, of the Haymarket.

## A NOBLE ANIMAL.

MR. EDMUND YATES tells this amusing story of Lord Ravensworth, the man who defended George IV. against Thackeray. One cold day in winter, some years back, having wrapped himself in a fur coat, he went to call on some neighbours in Northumberland. He was ushered into the drawing-room, and left, as he thought, alone. No sooner was the door closed than he mounted on a chair in front of the mirror over the fireplace, and, after surveying himself with intense satisfaction, gave vent to the ejaculation:

"Well, a man in fur is a noble animal!"

## PROPOSED NEW BRIDGE OVER THE THAMES BELOW LONDON BRIDGE.

At their last meeting the Metropolitan Board of Works had a report submitted to them by their engineer, giving designs for this structure, and full particulars as to its nature, position, and probable cost. It would be more spacious than London Bridge, the contemplated width being sixty feet, of which the carriage way would take up thirty-six, and the approaches at both ends would be easy, as well as roomy enough to accommodate all the traffic from the populous and busy districts that spread out from Tower Hill and Lower East Smithfield on the north side, and from the end of Toley Street on the south. The total cost of bridge, approaches, and the property to be purchased would be £1,100,000, if the structure were of three spans, but £1,250,000 if of one span, as he recommended.





[LADY NORMAN.]

## THE WHISPERS OF NORMAN CHASE.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote?  
BATTLE OF ALBUERA.

A GALLANT ship was sailing in a river, rolling, a full mile in width, from its sacred fountains in the Himalayas, five hundred leagues away. The water was crowded with boats, pictorial in shape and colour.

On either hand rose stately buildings, and flights of marble steps, crowded with devotees, who came down with offerings to the divine stream.

Turbans, palanquins, muslin robes, gilded minarets, dark faces, white-swathed figures, all told of the East.

The dust was yellow; the sky was deep blue, flushed with red; the people, in spite of their dusky complexions, were all pale.

A fearful danger hung over the marble-domed city of Benares.

For, the spears of a formidable enemy had been seen glimmering among the rice-fields, and the war pennon of the Mahratta floated upon a distant rock.

The vessel anchored close under the shadow of a huge temple, quite as Pagan in appearance as the parish church of Bloomsbury, and considerably more architectural.

From it disembarked the one individual whom, amid the hundredson board, we have an interest in following.

This was Herbert Leaholme.

He reported himself, forthwith, with the field-state of his company, to the general officer in command, whose greeting was cordial, though he said:

"I can't grant you an hour's leave. You must see the sights afterwards. Every sabre is wanted. I hear there are some Europeans among the niggers."

It is a mistake—which has cost England dear—to call the Indian native, least of all the Mahratta, a "nigger."

He is not less superior to the negro than an Englishman is to a Kaffir.

A fierce rattle of drums, a loud challenge of trumpets, cut short the conversation.

An hour later, and three separate columns, gorgeous with colour, flashing with steel, issued from beneath the towered gates, Saracenic in their splendour, of the city, and deploying into line, occupied the open space between the walls and the waving plantations beyond, not of wheat as it is seen in England, but of Indian corn, of such lofty stalk and rich produce that a mounted spearsman could ride through it without being noticed, while every ear of grain that bent to the wind weighed nearly half a pound.

Those were days in which England could rely upon her Sepoys as she could upon her grenadiers.

They made a superb show, with their black horses, their aigretted turbans, their tall red-shafted lances, their match-locks slung behind, and the Oriental variegation of their uniforms.

A salvo of shot swept over them as they advanced, and up rose myriads of heads amid the standing corn. A tremendous burst of flame and thunder replied to the volley from the fortress.

Fierce rose the cries of "Allah Akbar!" High flew the banners of St. George. Fair and dark faces mingled in the conflict.

Rolling clouds of smoke stretched from side to side of that landscape of Paradise, blood-imbued by the evil ambition of men.

A mingled uproar of wheels clattering, cannon firing, horses galloping, men shouting, and weapons clashing, stunned the senses; and ever and anon, as the sulphurous canopy was lifted, could be seen masses of soldiers struggling backwards or forwards, or squadrons of cavalry

wheeling round bayonet-bristling squares that, again and again, sent them staggering back.

"Now, Heaven protect her!" ejaculated Captain Leaholme aloud, as he found himself separated from the main body, and encompassed by a whirlwind of horse, with no more than a handful of his brave sowers, or native mounted soldiers, to support him. Every man was faithful and brave.

"By your right! Close! Charge!" he shouted; "one thrust and we are through them. Follow!"

And they did follow. Like a wedge driven in by an irresistible blow, he and his dusky troop pierced the immense and wavering multitude, rejoined the dauntless cohorts that still unflinchingly maintained their ground, and wheeling again, confronted a new reinforcement of the enemy—a prodigious array armed with the ever-dreaded Rohilla scimitar.

And "forward!" was the cry.

Those were not the days of chivalry in its olden sense.

No cyphered scarf was bound upon the soldier's arm. No vow of his lady-love pledged him to valour in the field.

But never knight in mail, never crusader with the Cross of St. John flying above his helmet, more faithfully remembered the "one loved name" more loyally than did Herbert Leaholme as, perhaps a little too careless of life, he rose in the saddle with uplifted arm ready to strike down the foremost of his foes—a tall, handsome, dark-visaged man, whose costume, half Asiatic, half European, glittered with gems. He parried the assault.

Only for the moment, however. After a few exchanges, his sword was shot out of his hand, over the heads of his men, and the point of Leaholme's was at his throat.

"Surrender—rescue or no rescue," said the young officer.

"Yes, to you, Herbert Leaholme. When did you last see Evelyn?"

And the voice was the voice of Evelyn's father!

This, then, was his Indian secret—a renegade—an apostate, and fighting in the ranks of an enemy!

The battle was now over, and the Mahrattas were in full retreat. Herbert Leaholme conducted his prisoner to a tent.

It seemed as though the power of speech had left him. By every rule of war, that man's life was forfeited.

By every law of duty, he was bound to denounce him.

The captive officer guessed, at once, what was passing in his mind.

"You are thinking, Herbert," he said, with a smile, in which there was somewhat of bitterness, "that your position, relatively to me, is a peculiarly painful one."

"Could it be more painful, Sir Norman?" answered Captain Leaholme. "What am I to think? What am I to do? From my heart I pity you. Once suspected by your child, whom I love, and dare think of no more, and now found by me—"

"Fighting against the flag of my country—you would say," interrupted Sir Norman.

"I am a soldier, Sir Norman," and am compelled by honour, conscience, and my oath of allegiance to do my duty—my imperative, but miserable duty."

"Which is—"

"To hand you over to the General, and make known the circumstances."

"On the contrary, you will accept my parole, and name my ransom."

The young captain gazed at him in blank astonishment.

Here was unmitigated audacity. A traitor, an Englishman arrested in the act of bearing arms against his own Sovereign and flag, a man fighting under the Green Banner and the Crescent, whose doom would inevitably be a drum-head court-martial, a short shrift, and a file of soldiers—or rather, as the traitor's more fitting punishment, a rope—to demand the treatment of an honourable enemy!

Herbert felt his sympathy blunted by this cool unconsciousness of turpitude on the part of one whose blood he would not willingly have had upon his hands.

Faithful still, however, to his Evelyn, he said with an un concealed meaning in his tone:

"I refuse your parole, Sir Norman. My troop is mustering, and I must attend the roll-call. There are no locks or keys, in tents, you are aware."

He purposely delayed his return. When he did go back he found, to his amazement, his prisoner of war reclined upon a tiger skin couch, smoking with unmistakable enjoyment one of his own hookahs.

"Are you mad, sir?" he exclaimed. "I could not, if I would, give you another chance. The order for your arrest is issued, and you know the consequences. Why, they are coming now."

A rattle of grounded muskets, just outside the tent, made Herbert turn pale; but did not appear in the least to discompose his prisoner.

"Arrest for what? Who are coming? My dear friend, you are putting yourself out for nothing."

"For nothing? That you, an Englishman—"

"I am not an Englishman."

"That you, Sir Norman Hedley—"

"I am not Sir Norman Hedley."

"That you, Evelyn's father—"

"I am not Evelyn's father."

"Then in Heaven's name who are you, and who is she? But first, have you proofs of your nationality? The guard will be here in a minute!"

"I never stir without them. Here they are. I am a Baron of the Empire, and my name is Liefstein. You remember where you first met Evelyn?"

"Emmerich."

"I was born there. The vineyards on the hill under the castle are all mine. But she, though from childhood at school in Germany, was born out here."

"Evelyn, but who is she then?"

"My dear Herbert, you have been sufficiently astonished for one day. Delay your curiosity a little, and send away those fellows, who look unpleasant. Thank you. Evelyn—well, you shall know all about her, in good time."

"But who are her parents? Surely you can tell me that."

"I am afraid that she is an orphan," said the other, with an intonation of voice so strange that it lingered long in the memory of Herbert Leaholme.

Not a syllable of further explanation would he give.

Herbert, of course, had only a soldier's right to detain him for ransom, but of this he would not take advantage, and, indeed, was anxious to be alone, for letters from England had been distributed in the camp.

Some magic intuition of the heart guided his hand to one inscribed with his name in a writing that was still dearer to him than any.

What need to recite the sweet vows renewed—the little petulant perjuries of love, whereby Miss Evelyn declared that she wrote reluctantly, and for the last time; the yearning words that carried him home again, or, at any rate, to that question and answer of love in the market place of Baronbury town.

In concluding, she said:

"Should you meet my father, remind him in all affection of me. I cannot write, for I know not where he is. I would come to him and be his comfort if I dared. Tell him, also, that I have seen the two portraits."

When Herbert Leaholme again met his quondam prisoner, he in perfect bewilderment repeated the affectionate part of the message. He whom we have known as Sir Norman Hedley bit his lips, as if to conceal some uncontrollable emotion.

"Nothing more?" he presently asked.

"Yes," she says. "Tell him that I have seen the two portraits."

"The two portraits! Then I shall never return, never see her again, the child of my heart, if not of my blood. Herbert, better had I fallen, even by your hand, unrecognised, before the walls of Benares."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Were he with wild fire circled I, undaunted,  
Would make way to him. MARRINGER.

THE victory had been overwhelming. It broke the back of the Mahratta invasion, and led to that sort of armed truce, called a peace, to which the English were accustomed in the course of their Indian career.

Herbert, promoted for distinguished gallantry, and also through the death of a senior in command, asked for and obtained a lengthened leave of absence.

"Not home leave, you know, Leaholme," said his good-natured commanding officer. "Anywhere within Indian bounds."

"Precisely what I wish for, General," answered the young officer. "I am going up the country, to pursue a private investigation of great importance to my family and my future."

The old soldier seemed to reflect a moment.

"I have a great mind to tell you a secret," he said.

"I am at your orders, General, to hear or not to hear," answered Herbert, smiling, though his countenance betrayed the interest he felt.

"You are going, of course, to Delhi. When there, inquire for the palace of the Lady Norman. She is well known. See her. If you are looking for any information, she is the person to give it. Not a word more, my boy. I hate mysteries!"

So Herbert Leaholme journeyed by the tedious process then in vogue, up to the great Imperial City.

He found a ready welcome in the British cantonments, and lost no time in making his inquiries.

Yes; Lady Norman enjoyed a high reputation

as a woman of boundless benevolence, a solitary, silent woman, still in the richest bloom of her beauty, whose life had evidently passed into the shadow of some absorbing sorrow.

Was it probable that she would grant him an interview?

Not unless he could interest her beforehand, by some particular message or token that would suggest on his part a right to see her. The name "Norman" determined him. He sent a messenger with a card bearing his name and the words "Norman Chase."

The same messenger brought back a reply. Lady Norman would see Mr. Leaholme in the afternoon of the next day.

He went. The residence of Lady Norman was a sumptuous structure, approached across a marble court, cooled by fountains.

The chamber into which a native servant showed him was vast and magnificent, not altogether Oriental nor entirely European in its appointments.

It was empty. In a few minutes, however, a door opened and a lady entered. The young man started with surprise.

Surely this was Evelyn at a riper time of life; her dignity of demeanour, her calm purity of expression, her noble form and perfect face. The lady smiled, gave him a graceful welcome, and asked in what could she serve him.

For the first time, he noticed that her costume, in which appeared no affectation of eastern taste, was black, unrelieved by a glimpse of white or a solitary jewel.

The brave young soldier had not a word to say for himself.

"I see I must come to your help, Mr. Leaholme," she said, with a sad, sweet smile. "You see some resemblance; to whom?"

"Forgive me, Lady Norman," he answered. "It is true that I was startled. It seemed as if Miss Evelyn Hedley had risen up before me, though I know her to be thousands of miles away."

"And who is Miss Evelyn Hedley?" she asked, her face turning as if to stone.

"The daughter of Sir Norman—that is—"

"And who is Sir Norman, young gentleman?" the lady said, flushing as with sudden anger.

Herbert Leaholme felt utterly at a loss, and showed it.

"I have made a mistake; permit me to apologise and retire," he said, after an embarrassing pause.

"No," she went on, in a softened voice; "I beg you will stay. Tell me all you know, and do not know."

Encouraged by her almost maternal tone—she was not thirty-eight, and he was twenty-two—he told—feeling instinctively that he was justified in telling it—all he knew of Norman Chase, of its inmates, and of the events that had happened under its roof.

The lady listened with a very pale face, and bloodless lips.

At times, when he spoke of the Mainwaring murder, of Augusta Fairleigh, and especially of Evelyn—his love for whom he made no attempt to conceal—she appeared to drive back the words that were struggling to escape from her heart.

"Who murdered the guest at Norman Chase?" she asked, when he had done.

"It is a perfect mystery."

"Who was suspected?"

"The man who styles himself Sir Norman Hedley."

"Why do you say that?"

The young soldier related what had occurred at the battle, and after it.

"Perhaps," said the lady, rising, "he told you a falsehood, in order to save his life. Who knows but what those German credentials were forged?"

She fell, as if unconscious of a second person's presence, into a deep reverie. Rousing herself, at length, she abruptly asked:

"Will you come with me to the English Cemetery?"

Anxious to have his doubts cleared up, in however strange a manner, Herbert gave an instant assent, and, attended by two dark-visaged



servants, they were driven some distance beyond the fortifications, stopping before a broad gateway in a lofty wall.

Far on either hand stretched a city of the dead, displaying thousands of rude monuments, surmounted by stone or wooden insignia, in the shape of turbans. Passing through this, they arrived at a narrow door, painted green.

"I have a key; I am entitled to it," said Lady Norman. "See."

The door was painted red on the inner side. They were in the Christian burial ground. The lady struck into a byway, as though thoroughly familiar with the place, and stopped before a superb mausoleum of white marble.

"Look," she said.

He read:

"Sacred to the Memory of Sir Norman Hedley, of Norman Chase, in the County of Yorkshire, England, Bart."

Then followed a date, and "Vengeance is mine; I will repay."

Was he dreaming? Was this some phantom of an over-excited brain?

The world seemed to spin round him, as Herbert Leacholme, with parted lips and dilated eyes, stood gazing, without uttering a word, at the tomb and the epitaph.

It was long before he found breath to speak with. Then, involuntarily clasping one of the lady's hands in both his own, he cried:

"Lady Norman—for the love of Heaven tell me—who has buried there?"

She looked at him pityingly, and as if in bitter distress.

But a dark smile, so to speak, passed over her face, when he put and repeated this question.

"No one," she then answered. "Sir Norman Hedley is a murdered man, in the vaults of Norman Chase."

"Heavens! is this true?" exclaimed the young soldier. "And who—?"

"Your Evelyn suspected someone."

"No; only for a moment."

"Nevertheless she accused him while thinking him her father."

"Which he—that man—is not, then?"

"Which, most undoubtedly, he is not."

"And his name?"

"I can tell you no more, Mr. Leacholme," the lady now said, passionately; "I must have been mad to tell you so much. Come away."

This half-revelation was worse, almost, than no revelation at all.

Not another syllable could he extract, upon the subject, from Lady Norman. She would not even admit, or deny, that she was Sir Norman's widow. Only once, taking her off her guard, he impetuously asked:

"And who was Henry Mainwaring?"

The expression on her countenance darkened, like the sky at the approach of a storm, as she heard this question.

A powerful emotion appeared to shake her frame. Her face whitened, and her lips trembled; but she only said:

"Never seek to know; never cross his path. He and you must have your secrets, each from the other, if you would not have your own life blighted, as well as that of another. Allow me to counsel you, Herbert Leacholme. Forget all about that miserable house, and everyone connected with it."

"I will never forget or abandon Evelyn," he murmured, rather than spoke, with his eyes fixed upon the ground. When he raised them he saw, to his increased perplexity, that Lady Norman was in tears:

"I have been excited," she said. "She is like me, then? And you love her very dearly?"

"With all my soul, Lady Norman," he answered, with eager warmth.

But she had already, with a half-uttered "good-bye, Mr. Leacholme," turned to leave him, though he heard her saying, as she passed through the door:

"Unhappy boy!"

The young officer left the palace—palaces were not less common in Delhi than in Genoa—with a mind perplexed by many doubts. That this lady was the wife or widow of Sir Norman

Hedley he felt absolutely convinced. That she was the mother of Evelyn, Nature herself appeared to testify. Her strange demeanour, and still more strange revelation in the burial-ground, had let in a half light upon the secrets of which he was in search; but more than all else, he was mystified by her sudden change from communicativeness to silence.

What remained for him to do? The date upon the tomb suggested a course of action that might lead to some discovery.

He would seek high and low, for anyone who, at Delhi, or anywhere in India, had known of Sir Norman, or his wife, or, especially, of Henry Mainwaring or Mathew Drake.

Not one of his brother-officers could afford him the slightest clue, in answer to his cautious inquiries.

They were all comparatively new. The old general at Agra, perhaps, might know something; but he had absolutely refused to extend his confidence beyond a certain point. In addition to which he himself was disqualified to cross-examine any possible witnesses by his only partial knowledge of the events that had transpired under the roof of Norman Chase.

For Evelyn had felt that she must keep much of her dark secrets, consisting principally of her own shifting suspicions, to herself.

One evening, however, as he was walking, in undress, but armed, along the parade, an individual, speaking English, but wearing native costume, accosted him, courteously.

"Captain Leacholme," he said, "you may be surprised that I know your name. I know not only that, but your errand also."

The young man fell a step backwards, and, with some stiffness of manner, asked:

"And what may your business be with me, sir?"

"That which brings you here. Captain Leacholme, you are speaking to a gentleman who may be more interested than you imagine in the result of your discoveries."

"What then, sir?" interrupted Herbert Leacholme, with true human inconsistency.

He had been, for days, seeking a clue he could not find, and now he almost resented an offer to show it to him!

"I shall care for neither the heat of your blood nor the incredulity of your mind," returned the stranger. "You have a fourfold object in view: to unravel the connection between Sir Norman Hedley and Henry Mainwaring; to prove the parentage of the young lady known as Evelyn Hedley; to clear up the mystery of that crime at Norman Chase; and to get at the secret of the machinations which threaten the happiness and—do not shrink from the truth—the life—the very life, I tell you of her whom you love. But," he continued, drawing Herbert aside beneath the shadow of a deep gateway, "in endeavouring to unlock a mystery you have forgotten—overlooked—the key to it—the living key."

"And that is," said Herbert, perfectly assured now as to the stranger's earnestness and knowledge of the affairs he had come so far to seek an explanation of—"And that is?"

"Augusta Fairleigh," said the other.

"But what does all this mean?" cried the young officer, impatiently, more in the dark than ever. "Since you know so much, and are evidently interested, will you come to my rooms and speak plain English?"

"I must not venture near the barracks."

"Then cannot I go somewhere with you?"

"If you did, I could tell you no more."

"Then why speak at all?"

"For a single reason. You must—yes, must," he added, noticing a slight bristling on the part of the younger man, "persuade Lady Norman to go home and take Evelyn under her charge."

"When she will not avow any connection with her?"

"Describe her unhappy and defenceless condition. Urge everything, appeal to her compassion, disavow all desire to penetrate her secrets, plead for her and for yourself at the same time."

"And if she still remains resolute?"

"Tell her—" and the man's countenance was curiously agitated as he spoke—"tell her that there is a probability of Evelyn Hedley's being coerced into a marriage with Mathew Drake!"

"And what will she do?"

"If, upon her knees, only a moment before, she had sworn by all she held holy never to quit this place until a certain duty had been fulfilled, she would break her oath on the spot, and take, if she could, the wings of the morning to be by Evelyn's side. And now, good-bye."

"But will you tell me nothing of the Baronet—of Drake?"

"They shall tell you themselves!"

"Who is to make them?"

"I!"

"How? and you at this distance?"

"Where Lady Norman is I shall be, though a stranger to her, as I am to you!"

He passed through the archway, and was out of sight in a minute.

Impelled by he knew not what influence, Herbert Leacholme did as the stranger had counselled him. He sought another interview with Lady Norman.

He asked pardon if he seemed to intrude within the circle of her private life, actual or past.

He urged the fears conjured up by his love—his own powerlessness to protect the young girl, the plots woven around her, the miserable doubts by which her heart was tortured, the gloom and peril of her life without a friend—for all had failed, even Augusta Fairleigh.

"Augusta Fairleigh?" asked the lady, upon whose countenance a trace of interest now for the first time appeared.

"A young girl once very dear to her," he answered, "but unaccountably estranged."

The old, implacable look returned.

"You are wasting words, Herbert Leacholme," she said. "My place is here; I will not desert it."

"Then," he cried, rising, and losing all command over himself; "I will risk everything. I will disgrace my name. I will have my sword broken over my head; but I will prevent this marriage of Evelyn Hedley with Mathew Drake!"

He had reserved this as a crowning argument. It was no argument at all, but an outburst of irrepressible passion.

"With Mathew Drake?" she said, her face white, and her hand trembling as she seized him by the arm.

"With him! With that scoundrel!" he exclaimed, deepening the intensity of his words by such an oath as probably had never before been heard from the lips of Mr. Herbert Leacholme. "I can only give her my life; but—" and again he neglected the manners, it may be feared, of an officer and a gentleman. "She shall be saved!"

And now he forgot that he was a man—much less an officer—and gave way to most unmartial tears.

The Lady Norman laid her hand upon his shoulder, with inexpressible pity, unfathomable tenderness in her face.

"I will spare you the sacrifice, Herbert Leacholme," she said. "I will save Evelyn Hedley myself. The first ship that sails for England shall take me there."

(To be Continued.)

## EFFECTS OF MILITARY DRILL UPON THE HEART.

THE large amount of heart-disease in the British Army has attracted much attention from time to time, especially since Mr. Myers' prize essay was published. It was shown there, that after deducting the effects of alcohol, syphilis, Bright's disease, &c., there was still found a great proportion of heart-disease, which was caused by the uniform or by the drill service. Surgeon F. A. Davy, M.D., thinks

that the form of drill in vogue is very injurious, and is the direct cause of much injury to the thoracic organs.

It appears that in the "setting-up drill," it is essayed, so far as is practicable, to make the soldier fill his chest and then perform all movements with the chest fully distended with air, the consequences of which are a certain amount of emphysema with more or less embarrassment of the heart. The "stand-at-ease" is too brief for the heart to recover itself, and a condition of irritability or hypertrophy becomes established according to the nutritive powers of the individual.

## HER GUIDING STAR;

OR,

## LOVE AND TREACHERY.

### CHAPTER VI.

ANOTHER interval, and Cyril, who was left a fitful boy of fifteen—that sensitive age when, to the inexperienced observer, a sudden, strange perversity often seems to blight the sweet promise of earlier years, now reappears, when nearly twenty-one.

The interval, unmarked by any change in his external condition, by notice from the stranger, or even by the remittances that might have been expected, had left a strong impression on himself.

The irritation induced by his peculiar condition, acting on the susceptibility of youth, had subsided.

The feverish impatience of concealment, the fretful resistance of a power he could neither comprehend nor love, the galling sense of dependence, had all gradually fallen under the control of reason. He had learned to look his situation in the face, and had even dared to form his own plans.

"I belong to the Lord and myself," he had reflected. "There only I am accountable for whatever powers have been entrusted to me, and I will not waste them in a cowardly subserviency to any human being. Nor will I permit my inner self to be the victim of cruelty and caprice. 'My mind to me a kingdom is.' There I will reign supreme."

These were no vain resolves, as was manifested by the fast maturing character of Cyril.

It might, in a different state of things, have been almost to be regretted that one so young should be so wise; his natural impulsiveness so repressed; the frank, confiding temper—the beauty of youth—so checked.

But he believed that it depended on himself alone to be saved from the paralyzing effect of his condition.

"I have," he thought, "a solitary and hard path before me; but, like the princess in the fairy tale, I must not falter, whatever threats assail me. I may have much to bear; I must, then, learn to be strong. I must be my own counsellor; I must, therefore, keep my feelings in subjection, and to do so I must keep them to myself."

"My dear sir," said he one morning to Mr. Fairfax, "I have completed my majority, and though I can never sufficiently bless your kind guardianship, 'tis time to relieve you of it."

Mr. Fairfax looked at him in silent surprise.

"Yes, sir; this Cyril Ashleigh, who, as child, boy, and man, has given you so much trouble, must henceforth take care of himself."

"But, Cyril—if I understand you—hear me a moment. My guardianship was restricted by no legal forms; it was to continue till those having a natural right should claim you."

"And how long, sir," replied Cyril, with a cold smile, "do you suppose that would be? No; my resolution is taken. Forgive me if this has been done without consulting you; but I felt I

must act, or die. I am not, however, so presumptuous, so self-confident as not to beg your continued guidance so far as to put me, if you can, in the right way, but go I must."

"Go! where, Cyril?"

"Anywhere! anywhere from Meremoor, that, left wholly to myself, I may ascertain what I can do."

Mr. Fairfax, grieved as he was at this unexpected determination, saw, nevertheless, a purpose so fixed, that to resist might result in mutual unhappiness.

The only thing to do was to try to guide it; and, revolving it in his mind, as Cyril continued to urge its necessity, he became in part a convert, in so far as to acquiesce in an attempt to carry out his wishes.

Nothing short of that, he saw, would satisfy him; should it fail, he might be content to remain as he was.

The first thing that occurred to Mr. Fairfax was to enter him as a clerk in a lawyer's office in London; in proposing which, he added:

"The fee paid on such occasions is not large. I have at my command enough for that, and for your other expenses during your apprenticeship."

"No, sir," said Cyril. "To this moment I have been your pensioner. I cannot be so hereafter. I will leave the law for a time, till I have by some means earned enough to pay my own way."

"Cyril!" said Mr. Fairfax, with much feeling, "you are wrong. You are trying to create new relations between us. No longer father and child, we are to be debtor and creditor. The little I have is, and will be yours. Why treat me thus?"

Walter took his hand; he pressed it; he bent his head over it; choked down the tears that were rising to his eyes, and, when he could speak, said everything that gratitude and affection dictated, but remained unmoved in his decision.

"It must be so. If you would see me a man, let me go, sir, and in my own way."

The next thing thought of was to write to Mr. Pecham. He had once proffered his assistance.

There was, therefore, no impropriety in asking merely if he knew of any employment adapted to Cyril, stating his eager desire, by his own efforts, to secure his support.

The letter sent, Cyril was more at ease. The first and most painful step had been taken—the communication to Mr. Fairfax.

In about a week letters were received, and among others the desired answer from Mr. Pecham.

Cyril watched his guardian's countenance while he read. At first it expressed blank disappointment, then with a sudden burst of indignation he threw it towards Cyril, exclaiming:

"Oh, world! world! did I not do well to quit you?"

The letter, polite and cold, in substance was as follows:

Mr. Pecham was surprised at the application, which, if he had ever authorised, it must have been under an impulse that reflection would have checked; for how could he be supposed to have any practical knowledge available to Cyril? He wished the lad success; but so far as he might venture to suggest, for one so young, without patronage or fortune, his present obscurity was his safest condition. With good wishes for himself, etc., etc., it concluded.

"Well," said Cyril, calmly, "it is just as I once thought. Mr. Pecham is insane, and if not, then worse—much obliged by his advice, which we can do without. What next shall we turn to, sir?"

But Mr. Fairfax's attention was riveted on a letter he had just opened, which, though he looked at it, he did not appear to read.

Presently he ran it hastily over, and, as if relieved, said:

"I beg your pardon, Cyril. The sight of a handwriting I had not seen for many years startled me; I feared I could not say what; but, like many terrors with which we torment

ourselves, mine was unfounded. Among other matters, the letter contains somewhat that has a bearing on our present perplexities. The gentleman's name is Farleigh; his residence is in London, where you prefer to go; hear what he says."

After a reference to early friendship and long separation, the letter proceeded as follows:

"I almost question my right to give you any trouble, and yet, if you are what you once were, you will not refuse to oblige a friend. I have an only child, a daughter. She has had, thus far, what is called the best instruction, but it is superficial and of little value; something more is necessary to satisfy me."

"But young people now-a-days think they constitute a republic, and are quite capable of self-government; and for this reason I will not send my daughter to a boarding-school, where she will learn little but insubordination. The only alternative is a 'select' one, as they are called, or private lessons. I have tried both, and like neither."

"But if I could find a competent tutor, who should reside in my family, I believe that, with his instruction and my supervision, my object can be secured. I wish her to have a solid education—Latin and mathematics as the foundation, and on this a superstructure of history, philosophy, and whatever else we may agree upon. If you happen to know of a person qualified for this charge, and at the same time unexceptionable, please inform me; his salary shall be so liberal as to satisfy him."

"I will take the place, sir," said Cyril; "this is, if you can recommend me."

"Consider, Cyril. It may be very irksome; it may even be offensive; it often is so, for parents, with an absurd inconsistency, will trust the minds and hearts of children to persons whom they will, nevertheless, treat as inferiors. In this case, however, such injustice may be prevented. You should go as my ward; you will then be put on the footing to which you are entitled."

"Pardon me, sir—in that way I decline to go. It would be improper as it regards the parents, and fatal to my duty as a teacher. As your friend and ward, Mr. and Mrs. Farleigh would not feel at liberty to make demands or to find deficiencies; and, on my part, courtesy to your friends would restrict the uncompromising fidelity due to my pupil. Forgive me if I presume to differ from you; but I fear lest your tenderness for me should mislead you. Send me with such credentials as to character and competency as you think I deserve, but nothing more. For the rest, I prefer to depend on myself. If they fail in common delicacy or humanity, I leave them, but I will claim nothing as your protégé."

Mr. Fairfax reflected. He did not partake of Cyril's proud indifference in regard to the mysterious person who had, or assumed to have, a supreme right over him.

He did not, indeed, expect good from him, but he was not equally sure that he had not the power to injure.

Cyril's plan had one recommendation—it would prevent embarrassing questions, and tend to the incognito he wished him to preserve. He therefore acceded to it.

"But how, my dear boy, am I to live without you?" sadly exclaimed Mr. Fairfax when other considerations had been weighed.

"Say, rather, how am I to live without you, sir? But no, I shall not be without you. Your affection, your advice, and your wishes will be ever with me to comfort and guide me."

An answer was immediately returned to Mr. Farleigh, and after a short time came an acceptance of the tutor, but so qualified as a good deal to nettle Mr. Fairfax.

"If he did not prove, on trial, to be satisfactory, he would be returned, all expenses paid."

"I will not send you like a bale of merchandise," said Mr. Fairfax.

Cyril laughed.

"Do not take it so, my dear sir; this is just what I should have wished. It is exactly fitted to my humour."

Cyril's preparations were now to be made,



and in a state of astonishment and alarm Mrs. Pope appeared.

Years had increased her attachment to Mr. Fairfax and his ward, but they had also invested her with privileges sometimes inconvenient.

Like Corporal Trim, she "loved to advise," and an occasion now offered itself.

"Is Mr. Cyril going away?"

"Yes, Mrs. Pope."

"But where under heaven can he be so well off as here, sir?"

"Young birds must leave the nest, Mrs. Pope."

"Yes, and hawks must catch 'em, too. What is he going for, sir?"

"To seek his fortune," said Mr. Fairfax, with a shrug intended to check farther inquiry. "He naturally desires to earn his own support."

"'Arn his own support!'" repeated the housekeeper, her reluctance to part with Cyril inducing her to disparage his ability—" 'Arn his support! why, what in all natur' can he do? He's never done nothin' but jest study and 'arn. He might be a minister, be sure—he knows enough; but he hasn't no call for that. What, then, can he do?"

"The next thing to preaching. He is going to teach."

"To teach? and where, sir? and who?"

"A gentleman's daughter in London."

"Goin' to teach one gal," replied she, contemptuously. "Well, if that isn't a poor business! Teaching thirty or forty might be worth a man's while. Why not take the school here?"

"But suppose, Mrs. Pope, that he should receive more for one scholar there than he would for the whole school here?"

"More! Why, is she so hard to 'arn? She isn't under-witted, sir, is she?" continued the housekeeper, with a jeering smile; "if she is 'tis, be sure, a pretty hard place."

"No. Bright and quick enough, I'll engage."

"And what will he get, sir?"

"They will settle that when they meet."

"If I was you, sir, I wouldn't let him stir a step till I knew. 'Tis no way to send the poor lad off 'mong strangers, and let them impose on him?"

"Never fear. Cyril is not a person to be imposed on. You and I shall miss him greatly, but if for his advantage we must bear it, you know."

But not heeding this reflection, she proceeded: "Ever since, in this very room, he showed me his poor, scratched little hand, I've set by him. Boys, I know, are hateful, always turning up Jack. I never could bear any of 'em but Cyril."

"But Cyril has not been perfect, Mrs. Pope."

"Perfect! no, be sure; who is? But when once in a while he was unruly he would be sorry a'terward, and wanted so to make it up; I only loved him better for't. Besides, it was jest because he was growin' so fast."

"Well, well, don't grieve, my good creature. He will return to us all the happier and wiser for experience."

"But when, sir? People go, but they don't always come back," and her voice grew thick. "I've heard that afore; we may be all dead and buried when he comes—"

"No—no! not so bad. A few months and we shall see him again."

Silenced, if not resigned, Mrs. Pope retired, but it was to pour out to Cyril what she might not say to Mr. Fairfax.

His wardrobe before her to examine, mend, make, and in all respects arrange, while he occasionally offered a suggestion, she resumed her theme, lamented and advised, concluding with:

"And what in all natur' is your uncle to do without you? You have been the savin' on him."

"I save him?" exclaimed Walter, who would have reversed the proposition.

"Yes, yes. Savin' on him; be sure you have. I mind what he was afore you come; nothin' but teachin' and playin' with you put any life in

him; and now, when he ain't got no special trouble, he looks younger than when you come. He looked so poor then, you haven't no notion of, Cyril. Folks said he was only sickly; 'twasn't no such thing, except it was heart-sickness. I've watched him many a time set and look in the fire as if he was clean out of the body, and then start up, take his hat, and walk out. By-and-bye he'd come in, lookin', maybe, a little better, but so sorrowful and down like. But no matter what the trouble was, he never wasn't cross nor happy. He seemed to want to make others happy, even if he couldn't be so. Ah! I know. I 'arn't the signs," said she, shaking her head; "'twas a hard lesson, but I haven't never forgot it."

"What do you mean? This is all new to me."

"Yes, I suppose so, for now, when he has any such turn come over him—and once in a while it will come—we call it nervous, you know. That's as good a name as any; but, Lord! what different things it means. Now the plain truth, Cyril, is that, sure as I stand here, your uncle was disappointed, crossed in love, as folks say. I can tell; I haven't had experience for nothin'."

"Experience, Mrs. Pope?"

"Yes, Cyril; for all what I seem to you now, I wasn't so always. I had—I had—a friend who—"

The housekeeper stopped, and Cyril, touched by the workings of her strong expressive face, looked at her in silence.

Then, as if ashamed of a weakness, she proceeded, with an effort:

"Lost at sea; news came the very day we'd fixed for our publication." After another pause, "Never love to speak on't. A dreadful storm! that's why I fly round so when the wind blows. I can do three days' work in one when it storms. They brought me home his watch; 'twas hangin' in his berth when he was knocked overboard, and there 'tis now at the head of my bed, keepin' time for me till he and I meet in eternity."

Cyril, in happy ignorance of similar emotions, knew not how to address her. He only took her hand and pressed it kindly; and, after a moment's hesitation, said:

"Yes, though parted here, we shall find those we love in Heaven. Perhaps you are right about my uncle. I cannot tell; but whatever trouble he may have had, it has only made him a better man. Some persons it makes worse, you know."

"So it does, Cyril. It makes their hearts harder than Pharaoh's. But don't let's say no more about it. These here shirts, Cyril, arn't no dependence. You had ought to have told me in time, and I would have made you a new set; but never mind, I'll go at 'em as soon as you are gone, and send 'em to you. Let me see; this is your best coat, not much the worse for wear. I'll put new cuffs, and then it'll do."

Cyril smiled.

"Town folks, I hear, are critical. I shall want a new coat."

"Well, you wouldn't, if you stayed here, in six months. So it goes. What's the use 'arnin' money if you must spend it all? jest as good stay here and not want it. Now let me see—stockin's? Yes, all right; but nobody'll darn 'em for you now. Be sure you keep count of all your things, for they say that in London they'll steal the eyes out of your head. Now one thing more I want to say, Cyril. It has been on my mind for many a day, but while you was here there wasn't no use speakin' of it. You know I am not extravagant; and, as I haven't any near relation, I've saved up mostly all my wages, and Mr. Fairfax has put 'em out for me."

"Now this I mean for you—don't go to interrupt me. Yes, for you. I haven't nobody else to give it to. But, mind, Cyril, it is only in case you behave. My honest 'arnin's shan't never go to be spent in any wickedness or folly. I meant to keep it all a gatherin' till I died, and so leave you a good lump at once; but what's the use? So if you want some on't now, here's five pounds in my chest for you to take

with you; and if any misfortin befalls you, let me know, and I will send you what you want."

No kindness had ever touched Cyril more; but, with the heartiest expression of his feeling, he nevertheless resolutely declined the good creature's offer, who could only be reconciled to his refusal by a promise that if the money were required he would certainly send for it.

(To be Continued.)

#### UNDER OBLIGATION.

UNDER no circumstances, if you can avoid it, ask a favour, not even from your nearest and dearest friends. Give as many as you can, and if any are freely offered, it is not necessary to be too proud to take them; but never ask for or stand waiting for any. Who ever asked a favour at the right time? To be refused is a woe! stab at one's pride. It is even worse to have a favour granted hesitatingly.

Better do everything for yourself until you drop from exhaustion, and then if anyone picks you up, let it be because of his free choice, and not from any groan you utter. But while you can stand, be a soldier. Eat your own crust, rather than feed on another's dainty meals; drink cold water rather than another's wine. Love or tenderness should never be put aside, when its full hands are stretched towards you; but so few love, so few are tender, that a favour asked is apt to be a cruel millstone around your neck, even if you gain the thing you want by the asking. You can never repay the giver of a favour, if that favour is granted on solicitation.

#### PAYABLE FRANKS.

THAT was a knotty point which a French judge had before him the other day, where a man bought a cow that snapped up the notes which were to pay for her! The judge decided that the buyer should be the loser, as he had hold of the rope at the time, which constituted possession.

This story has a parallel in a case reported some little time ago. The owner of a very large dog agreed to part with it for a certain sum, but the buyer not having sufficient money put down a sovereign as a deposit. As he did so, the dog suddenly put his forepaws on the seller's shoulders and knocked him backwards through a large square of plate glass.

The man, not the least dismayed, picked himself up from the fragment, and coolly remarked, "There, see what your dog has done," and demanded an extra sovereign for damages!

THE grass parks of Monzie, about two miles from Crieff, extending to nearly 500 acres, were exposed to sale on Friday, by public roup, and realized £405, being an increase of 1 per cent. on the rents of last year. There has been a considerable reduction in the take of grass parks this year in the Kelso district. The Springwood parks, belonging to Sir George H. S. Douglas, M.P., were let at a reduction of 2 per cent. on last year's rental. The Newton Don parks were let at a reduction of 13 per cent. The Nenthorn grass parks were let at a reduction of three and a half per cent. The Ewart parks were let (extending to 1,154 acres) at a reduction of thirteen and a half per cent.

#### CLITHROPHOBIA.

A PECULIAR derangement, manifesting itself by the fear of vast spaces, has long been known and we have now to add the opposite condition, in one sense more rational, of derangement from being shut up with limited space. The aberration of the mind, while the body stands still, has been called clithrophobia. It consists, as Dr. Raggi tells us, in a peculiar species of phrenzy, joined to an invincible desire to get

out; yet, if the latter be admitted as one of the two signs of lunacy, all prisoners must be set down as, at the least, half mad.

Amongst the illustrative cases, Dr. Raggi relates that of a distinguished painter at Bologna. Having been shut up with his competitors in a gallery, and excited by the praise bestowed on his work, he rose suddenly, and, with a fixed stare, sought the door, which he was unable to open. Perceiving one of the windows unclosed, he at once passed out on to the roof of the adjoining house, and thence from roof to roof, until he found a place commodious for descent. In free space he recovered his usual tranquillity, and appeared quite unconscious of what had happened.

## THE MYSTERY OF RAVENSWALD: A TALE OF THE FIRST CRUSADE.

### CHAPTER IV.

What shadows shall shape themselves  
Into substance, sombre and grim?

Then Carmelite opened the door and passed out into the vaulted passage beyond, followed by Lionel; but instead of pursuing his way towards the great stairway leading to the hall below he turned to the left, and went on until he came to a narrow flight of winding stairs leading in the same direction.

They were of stone, and wound around in one of the circular towers at an angle of the keep.

At the foot of these they arrived at a deep alcove within which stood a marble statue.

It was of heroic size, and represented a knight, in full plate armour, with his helmet on, but the vizor raised, displaying a face of grand and noble beauty.

One hand held a lance, upon which the figure leaned, while the other rested upon the upper edge of a triangular shield.

Lionel of Ortenberg stopped when he saw this, and as the friar did the same, naturally turning his lantern towards it, it received the light of both lamps, and stood out in bold relief. The youth stood as one spell-bound.

"What is it, my son? Does the statue interest you?"

The young man did not answer at once. He continued to gaze, and his thoughts seemed wandering.

Finally he spoke, and his voice was low and hushed, as though he feared that he might wake the cold stone from its lasting repose.

"Father, where is there another statue like this?"

"I know of none other, my son. In truth, I do not think there can be another, as this was fashioned to order, and was intended to represent a former Baron of Ravenswald."

"It is very strange," murmured Lionel; "for I have certainly seen that statue before. I cannot be mistaken. It is no fancy. It awakens a recollection as clear and distinct as is the marble form I now behold. In mercy's name what does it mean? Tell me, Father Clement, if you know."

Had the youth been as eager to read the face of his guide as he was to read the story of the marble face, he might have detected that the holy father was for a brief space sore perplexed; but he speedily overcame the emotion, and with a slight shrug of the shoulders, he said:

"Indeed, my son, your manner is a marvel to me. I wish I could explain it to myself. But we will not tarry. Let us see if you find anything else that seems familiar. The old statue will probably remain here while the castle stands, unless some ruthless barbarian should

conquer the place, and take a notion to destroy it, which is not at all likely. In fact, I should sooner look to see Tancred himself pull the marble down than to find any other Vandal's hand upon it with destructive force. But enough of that for the present. If you are to stop to examine and moralise upon all that interests you, farewell to other business."

"I beg your pardon, good father, I will not offend again. And yet— But I have promised. Lead on."

Not many steps brought them to the grand passage from the old vestibule to the great hall of the old castle.

These doors were double, very large and very heavy, and were kept locked; but the friar took from beneath his robe a key that entered the key-hole, and shut back the bolt, and it required all his strength to throw open the ponderous door.

It creaked shrilly upon its triple hinges, and the unexpected noise somewhat startled Lionel, but his conductor told him there could be but little, if any, danger, as none of the household ever spent the night in that wing; and, moreover, there was still thunder enough crashing and roaring among the mountains to overcome all other disturbances.

The young master of Ortenberg gazed upon the scene thus opened to his view with wondering awe.

The effect of the two lanterns was just about sufficient to make the darkness visible. It was a vast, vaulted chamber, the roof supported by huge pillars of sandstone, and the walls hung with old banners, and suits of armour of every possible shape, character and quality.

When Clement had closed the door behind him and relocked it, he led the way towards the head of the hall.

The windows upon either side were high and narrow, pointed at the top, and glazed; but the glass was broken in many places, and in others whole lozenges had been blown out from the leaden frames.

The blast howled without, shrieking through the shattered windows, and in places the rain beat in and wet the cluttered pavement.

The dust of years had gathered upon everything that could give it rest; the banners were faded and tattered; the weapons rusted; while the only thing that belonged to the present was the dust-laden network of spiders' web, enveloping everything in its gossamer windings; and the spiders, great, black, ugly-looking monsters, seemed fit custodians of the ghostly place.

And the hideous vampires were busy now; there were long, lean, lank fellows, moving with opifidian measure, and reminding one somewhat of the Italian bandit.

Then there was the smaller, jagged, rough-coated, impish goblin, more like a dwarfed pirate, darting hither and thither over its tracery of silken netting, passing in many folds the bonds that were to secure its living meal. And then look at the patriarchs—the leviathans of the horrible community—great, fat, lumbering mammoths, either one of which seems heavy enough to tear and break down every web in the vast chamber; but they pursue their lumbering course, swaying hither and thither, in pursuit of their prey, and their footing does not give way; or, if perchance, a thread here and there, a very little tauter than its mates, should happen to snap beneath the reptile's weight, he passes safely on and awaits a leisure time for repairs.

The furious storm has driven thousands upon thousands of forest flies to seek shelter beyond those broken windows—and driven some of them unwittingly to their slaughter.

Ah! the spiders are gathered at a right royal feast as the monk and his companion come into their presence.

Lionel cannot avoid seeing the thickly-spread webs, and the uncouth, ugly vermin; so significant of the scorpion poison, add immeasurably, in his estimation, to the awful ghostliness of the deserted hall.

At the head of the hall they found a broad

date, upon which were a table covered with black cloth, and several chairs.

Raised one step above all others was the chair of state, in which the lords of Ravenswald had sat in the years of the older time.

Above this, upon the wall, were grouped the banners of the house—banners that had been borne by the warrior barons of other times, from the barbaric following of Clovis to the chivalric days of Charlemagne, and thence down to the present.

There were ten banners later than the two which bore the knightly crest of the Great Karl in the corner—ten generations at least—but had there not been another?

"Which is the banner of the last lord—of the Grand Duke Godfrey?" asked Lionel, after he had stood for a time in deep reverence beneath the decaying standards of a mighty house.

A change came over the face of the Carmelite, and he shook his head mournfully. After a little reflection, he answered:

"My son, thou must at some time know all, and perhaps it were better that I should explain matters as they present themselves. Thou hast doubtless heard strange stories of this old castle—stories of ghosts, and of all sorts of unearthly developments."

"I have heard much, father."

"And be sure thou hast heard not one word more surprising than the naked truth. With regard to the banner of Godfrey, it was the largest and grandest of them all, but it cannot be kept upon this wall. It has been suspended here again and again, but never has it been suffered to remain over a night.

"Ghostly hands—or hands unseen and unknown—have removed it to the place where we shall find it by-and-by, and where I will tell thee further. And in various other ways the unseen powers have manifested themselves at this old hall—so much so, at all events, that Tancred has been driven hence—he and all his court. He has not put his foot within this chamber for three years, and I doubt if any power could induce him to come hither now."

"But let us not tarry here—Hold! Ask no more until we are beyond this place. Time is passing, and we have much to do. To the deep-laying crypts we are about to visit there is a broad entrance from the chapel, known to all; but we will pass down by a way known to very few. Even Tancred is not aware of any connection between the Crypt of Tombs and the Hall of State. See here!"

As the old monk spoke he pulled at a bit of carved work in the corner of a panel of the wainscoting—pulled it out a bit, so that he could turn it half round—and having done this latter thing the carved knob was drawn still further out, and became a lever, which, by simple manipulation, moved the whole panel aside so that there was plenty of room for a man to pass through.

And through they went, finding beyond a flight of stone steps descending towards the bowels of the earth.

The current of air setting up the gloomsome passage was chill and harsh, and a light not faithfully protected would have been extinguished quickly.

Father Clement warned the youth that he should tread very carefully, as the way was both uneven and slippery; and with this warning, repeated more than once, he kept on his way, walking so swiftly that several times the follower came near losing his footing.

At the foot of the stone steps they found a broad, high-vaulted crypt, much of which had been certainly hewn from the native rock. On through this they went, the confines on either hand being lost in absorbing gloom, until they came to what appeared to be an impenetrable face of rock; but the monk found a secret door—a huge rock fashioned to revolve upon a nicely adjusted central pivot, which, when closed, baffled human vision, and which could be opened only by one possessed of the secret—and having passed this, the twain stepped forth into the vast subterranean chamber known as The Crypt of Tombs.



In the distance, standing forth in bold relief afforded by a ghostly glimmer, the source of which could not be seen, arose a marble tomb, above which floated a large banner bearing the emblazonry of Ravenswald.

"Ha!" whispered Lionel, catching his conductor by the sleeve, "that is the tomb of Duke Godfrey?"

Hardly had the voice escaped his lips when the glimmer about the tomb grew to a spectral glare, and in the far distance sounded a sharp, piercing cry.

It seemed the cry of a woman, and its echoes filled the place. And then, seeming to issue from the bannered tomb of Godfrey, sounded a sepulchral voice:

"Haste thee, aspiring youth, and prove thyself worthy the name that is truly thine!"

And then another voice, still as from the tomb, and in wondrously ghostly tones, pronounced:

"Child of a noble sire, we know thou art brave. Haste now to save, and anon thou shalt nerve thine arm for vengeance?"

As this voice ceased the sharp, terrified cry from female lips broke the air again.

"My son," said Father Clement, "a power mightier than that of man hath led thee hither at this juncture. If thou hast courage, hasten to the rescue."

With that cry of succour, evidently from a maiden's lips, ringing in his ears, our hero forgot for the time the marvellous things in another direction.

Snatching his trusty sword from its scabbard, and holding his lantern so that its light could guide him through the maze of monumental stones, he sprang forward towards that quarter whence the wildly-lamenting cry had seemed to come.

## CHAPTER V.

A ravenous wolf  
In clothing of the sheep!

We left the old knight, Kotaling, on his way from the ducal presence, and, if I remember rightly, we saw that he was taking his way towards the unoccupied suites of the castle.

Suffice it to say that he kept on in that way, over the self-same ground which we have seen Father Clement and Lionel traversing a few hours later, and we may suppose that he had sounded the alarm in the abbey.

The grand duke, after Kotaling had gone, took a few turns up and down the apartment, and then resumed his seat, and struck upon a small silver bell at his elbow, which summons was speedily answered by a page in waiting.

"My child, dost know where is the Baron of Wartenfels?"

"Yes, my lord. He is even now waiting for thy word of bidding."

"Then bid him come hither at once."

And the messenger sped away.

When Tancred had told Lionel that he had to give time that evening to a deputation from the capital, he spoke falsely.

The deputation was a fact, but its visit had been made. It had come and gone, and the only visitor at present in the castle, who had come upon business, was the Baron Gerard of Wartenfels.

And ere long the baron made his appearance—a large-framed, burly, dark-visaged man, between forty and fifty years of age, and known throughout the region of the Schwarzwald as a soldier of fortune; or, more properly, a chief of the robber knights of the Black Forest.

His castle—a grim, prison-like structure, built solely to withstand assault—was only a few leagues distant from Ravenswald, upon a wild and tumultuous tributary of the Neckar. He was clad in a suit of quilted silk, the doublet capable of resisting an arrow, or an ordinary sword stroke.

Men of his stamp, in those days, did not trust themselves away from home without some such precaution towards personal safety.

He entered the ducal presence with a free and independent air, and took a seat at the small table, opposite the side where Tancred sat.

There was wine upon the table, and drinking-cups of silver, and having poured out and drank a generous measure, the baron was ready for business.

"Tell me," he said, with a show of interest, "what manner of forest rovers are these that have lately arrived?"

"Only a hunting party, overtaken by the storm," replied Tancred, as though not anxious to dwell upon the subject.

"Whence come they? Who are they?"

"I think they are from the north—very likely from Ortenberg."

"Mercy on us, man! why should you attempt to dodge an issue so simple?"

"You mistake me, Sir Gerard. My mind was given entirely to another subject, and I thought this of no moment whatever." And he added, in a manner somewhat testy—"A young gentleman, called Kenneth of Wollstein, is with the troop. He is a relative of our cousin of Ortenberg, if I mistake not."

"Aye, and another, called Lionel of Ortenberg, also bears the party company—eh?"

The grand duke tried to hide his vexation.

"Yes, the youth you mention is with them; but we have no business in that direction."

The lord of Wartenfels nodded, and seemed willing to pass the subject by, but there was an expression upon his face which plainly indicated that it would not quickly pass from his thoughts. He had spoken this name of our hero with more of interest than would have marked a mere passing allusion.

"True," he said. "I but spoke as curiosity moved me—that was all. And now to the matter wherein our business lies. Hast thou considered my proposition?"

"I have, Sir Gerard."

"Well—and how does it balance with your views and considerations? I opine that you will wish the matter speedily settled, and will give your aid thereto."

"Most assuredly."

"And I doubt not that were I to leave the summing up of the whole result in your hands, you would bring in a verdict far more in my favour than I should have the effrontery to offer of my own accord."

The grand duke smiled a grim, ghastly smile, evidently regarding the bit of pleasantry as far-fetched and ponderous.

"I think, my worthy brother, that thou hast put forth thy hand for all that thou canst ask. The maiden herself is a prize for which a thousand knights could be called to the list to-morrow. She is the most beautiful girl in Swabia. Thou shalt have her for a wife, and one half of all pecuniary benefits resulting from the union shall come to me."

"But, good Tancred, wilt thou inform me whence this pecuniary result is to come? I confess I see it not."

"I have told thee—it may never come."

"The lady still believes herself to be thy child?"

"Yes. If she did not—if I had given her to know in season that not a drop of my blood flowed in her veins—be sure I would not allow another to possess her hand."

"Ah! Wouldst marry her thyself?"

"Aye, verily! I am not so old but that I have an eye for beauty, and surely more beauty in one creature is not to be found than the Lady Mary brings to the man who is fortunate enough to gain her. But that is out of the question now. I have too long borne the character of father towards her. It is too late to throw off the guise for such a purpose. It would shock society; and though I care little for the like or dislike of that fickle combination of human interests which we call society, yet considering my office of chief ruler, I must submit to what I cannot eradicate or overcome. The time may come, as thou knowest, when her claim to wealth can be presented and maintained."

"Aye," returned Wartenfels, "if thou canst

produce irrefutable evidence of her parentage."

"Oh, I can do that! Do not think I have suffered so important a matter to escape me."

"Have you spoken with the lady?"

"Yes."

"I can guess that she did not appear pleased with the prospect."

"Your guess is correct."

"And you will exercise your authority?"

"Yes; and my authority is absolute."

"Then we had better have done with the business at once."

"This very night, if you are ready."

"I can never be nearer to readiness, my noble lord. I have a goodly train with me, and shall right gladly bear back with me a fair mistress for Wartenfels castle. Shall we have a priest from the abbey?"

"No. I will not trust those mousing friars of Saint John. I have a holy father of my own. The Grand Duke of Swabia is not without his spiritual adviser."

"Very well—let us to the work. Since the plan is developed, the consummation had better be speedy."

"Only one thing remains to be done, Sir Gerard. I would have your bond a little more explicit. It is not that I hesitate to trust your word, but we know not what misunderstandings may arise. If we have it in black and white, with our signs manual appended, there can be no mistake. I have a form of contract drawn up by my own prelate. I will bring it."

"Hold!" whispered the baron, as Tancred made a motion to arise from his seat. "Are we alone? I think I heard a smothered cough directly behind me."

There was a door in the direction indicated by the Lord of Wartenfels, and towards it the grand duke sprang, throwing it open, and darting through.

But he found nothing. It was a long, narrow passage, but there was lighted sconces, at either end, and the whole space was clear to view.

No one was there, and the duke could think of no other place where an eavesdropper could have been concealed.

"It was but a trick of your fancy, Sir Baron. Know that my slaves do not willingly run such risks. They are not quite so ready to dispose of their lives for the mere privilege of hearing their master talk."

The baron bent his ear as though not entirely satisfied, but he heard nothing more, and Tancred went to a cabinet in a far corner, and brought thence the bond of which he had spoken.

"There, Wartenfels, put your sign to that, and allow my prelate to witness it as your free act, and the business is settled. The Lady Mary is yours, and mine shall be what I can secure. That instrument simply binds you to yield up to me certain incomes—or moieties thereof—in case you get them; and it also binds you to furnish me fifty lances, and one hundred and fifty men-at-arms, well equipped and conditioned, whenever I may call for them."

"And for all this," said the baron, after looking at the parchment awhile, "I am to have the hand of the Princess Mary this night?"

"Yes."

"Call your prelate; I will sign!"

In that part of the keep of Ravenswald Castle which had been erected during the century last closed were apartments very tastefully fashioned and furnished, and fitted in every way for comfort and convenience.

Ordinarily the strongholds of the feudal barons of the middle ages were little better than prisons of unadorned rock, those considered the grandest which were simply the strongest.

But there were exceptions; and some of the later lords of Ravenswald had improved wonderfully upon the stern, uncompromising architecture of the fortress builders.

In one of the most cheerful and most ele-



[THE MYSTERIES OF THE CASTLE.]

gantly furnished of the apartments of the new keep sat a maiden known as Mary of Ravenswald, or the Lady Mary; and she had been reared from earliest childhood—from her very earliest recollection—as the daughter of Tancred.

She was eighteen years of age; of that size and form which the old sculptors selected as models for their most favoured goddesses; as beautiful in face and as graceful in movement as the brightest dream of the poet; and bearing in every feature that stamp of truth and goodness which gives to female loveliness its bright and holy diadem of enduring worth.

When she smiled her face was radiant with a charm that might captivate the most exclusive ascetic, and when she was sad only a heart of steel and ice could fail to warm with sympathy. Her azure eyes, like the deep blue of the celestial ether, were large and full, an outflow of soft, liquid light; and her hair, swept back from a brow exquisitely moulded, and stamped with intellectuality, was of a golden brown, falling over her shoulders in a flood of shimmering curls.

Her garb was rich, but simple.

The robe was of a fawn-coloured silk, elaborately trimmed with fine silver lace, and wrought with flowers and sprays of silken and golden and silver threads.

Her girdle was of gold scales, with a richly jewelled clasp, a small dagger hanging therefrom, as was the fashion with ladies of the time, while over her shoulders, as a protection against the chill of the furious storm, was thrown a light mantle of the richest and rarest Persian stuff—a stuff fabricated of silk and wool, and imitated by no other nation.

She sat in her chamber, which was a sort of boudoir, connected with her sleeping apartment, listening, now to the voice of the storm, and anon bending her ear towards the door that communicated with the corridor.

Thus for a full hour, becoming more and more anxious, and at the end of that time she heard a footfall without, and a hand upon the

latch of her door; and in a moment more the door opened, and one for whom she had been anxiously waiting made her appearance.

It was Mary's loving and devoted maid, Elfrida.

She was one or two years older than her mistress; pretty and ladylike, and though treated more as a companion than as a servant, she was always quick and prompt to answer every wish of the princess, anticipating when there was opportunity, and counting self-sacrifice as gain, if thereby she could add to the comfort or convenience of the lady whom she served.

The maid, though wrought upon by an excitement which manifested itself in her heightened colour and panting breath, had yet the thought to close and lock the door behind her before she sank into a chair.

"Elfrida," cried the princess, springing to her side, and seizing one of her hands, "you have brought me fearful intelligence. Oh! I see it in your face. You are frightened. Dear sister, is the danger immediate?"

With her free hand pressed over her throbbing heart the girl looked up, and when she could command her speech, she said:

"Dear lady, your fears of the purpose of the dark baron's visit were not idle. Let me tell you all, and you shall judge for yourself."

"Go on, Elfrida; I will not interrupt you."

"Oh, my blessed lady, if I had not heard with my own ears, I could not have believed; but I have heard much—I have heard that which makes all the rest more plain. First, let me say that the suspicion which you have long entertained—which you gained first from old Marcia's speech is true. The Grand Duke Tancred is not your father."

"Elfrida!"

"I have heard from his own lips; and I have heard him furthermore declare that, were the thing possible—if he could do it without a scandal which he dreads—he would make you his wife."

"No, no! Oh! he did not say that!"

"He did; and he spoke with solemn earnestness."

"Oh, monstrous!"

"Aye, it is monstrous, and yet, not much more monstrous than is the thing he will do. I have been on the watch, as I promised you I would be. I saw the young knight of Ortenberg leave the duke's presence, and when I had watched him out of sight—"

"One moment, Elfrida. It was the young soldier called Lionel?"

"The same, my lady."

"And he was the man we met in the forest a month ago?"

"The same, dear lady."

"He is not a knight, I think; but he is worthy."

"Aye," cried the maid, with gushing enthusiasm, "no man could be more worthy. Oh, what a grand presence it is. You remember him. Did you not think him handsome?"

Mary of Ravenswald coloured as though she had been arraigned for some guilty act, and feeling the hot flush in her face, she turned her head so that her companion might not see.

But the quick eyes of the sympathising girl saw, nevertheless, and she said, with an earnestness that was tender and loving:

"Ah, dear lady, do not fear to trust your Elfrida. I know how I should feel were I in your place, and Father Clement had said to me what he has said to you."

"Oh, Elfrida, we should not think seriously of those words of the old monk. What can Lionel of Ortenberg ever be to me? Most likely he does not know that such a lady exists as the unfortunate prisoner of Ravenswald."

"Ah, my lady," returned the maid, with a dubious shrug, and a significant, sidelong glance, "you find no such language as that in your heart. If you did not mark his look, I did. But let us not speak further of him now."

(To be Continued.)





[SYMPATHY.]

## SHE SHINES ME DOWN.

(BY ANNIE THOMAS.)

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

I sat by the dreary hearth alone;  
I thought of the pleasant days of yore;  
I said, "The staff of my life is gone,  
The woman I loved is no more."

TWELVE months have passed away since Arch Saltoun first stood by that grave in Kensal Green, and vowed over it that love for woman should never enter into his heart.

During this period of time all their efforts to trace Sarah Britton, or recover any of the jewels and valuable laces which accompanied her in her flight, have been unavailing, in spite of all the acumen and energy with which Mrs. Dumorest pursues what to her is a holy object.

She feels that as poor Arch is too broken down by his sorrow to desire either to punish an offender, or recover any of his lost property, that the duty of doing so devolves upon her.

Accordingly, the police have orders to any extent, and they are remunerated liberally for the untiring but fruitless efforts they make to get on the track of the culprit.

One never-before baffled detective is sent to New York, accompanied by Britton's photograph.

Britton's rigid and deceptively honest countenance has become quite a familiar one to the leading detectives of crime.

Still they never catch a glimpse of any face that in the remotest degree resembles hers, nor do they ever hear of a sound of any course of conduct which it would be likely that such an unscrupulous woman suddenly enriched by dishonest means would pursue.

Arch's sole hope in the matter of finding her is that he may hear a credible account of the

manner of the illness and death of the wife for whom his first passionate love has returned now that she is gone from him for ever.

There is no disguise about his grief, no desire to either conceal or display it.

He secludes himself entirely, but he does it so unostentatiously that not even Lady Ellerdale can say that "his sorrow for that woman, the loss of whom was the greatest gain he could have had, is all a sham."

At least she cannot say it with any hope of being believed here in the neighbourhood where the once bright, joyous-faced Arch Saltoun is as well known as loved.

But though she smiles meaningly, and looks as if "she knew better" when people remark before her that "poor Saltoun will never get over his wife's death," she leaves no lure untried by which she may hope to win him back to a show of friendship with her.

It galls her when surprise is expressed at "Saltoun's not even showing up when there are breakfasts and lawn-meets at Dalesmeet."

The hunting-field is the one place in which Arch is still to be found when his fellow-men assemble together, and an unbecoming flush of anger rises to her ladyship's face when she finds that he sedulously keeps away from the breakfasts and lawn-meets which she has goaded Lord Ellerdale into organising expressly for the purpose of getting Arch Saltoun to come to them.

She feels that his conduct is a standing reproach to her for the way in which she behaved to his wife, and it hurts her vanity that she, the living beautiful woman, should not have sufficient power over a man to make him condone any injury which she may have done to a mere dead wife.

Now that intercourse with Friars Court is unattainable it has become inexpressibly dear to her.

The only chance there is of a renewal is that she will overwhelm any other wife he may eventually select with such delicate and flattering attentions that she (the new wife) will insist upon his ceasing to exhibit such a show of re-

sentment for any wrong done to her predecessor.

Towards this end Lady Ellerdale aids and abets Lady Fitzslater in all the raids that gallant old dame makes upon his heart and seclusion on behalf of her daughter.

This sweet girl is permitted to drive over to Friars Court with tastefully arranged baskets of the rarest hot-house flowers, all of which are sent from the Dalesmeet conservatories for the purpose.

Lurking amidst these flowers there is usually a little snake in the shape of a perfectly proper pathetic little note begging him to accept the flowers which she has had so much pleasure in arranging for him, as she knows gentlemen have no time for such trifles, and servants have no taste.

If she could only see the expression of face with which he reads the note, and hear the denunciatory words which he uses with regard to the flowers, she would cease to write the former and arrange the latter.

As for Lady Fitzslater, she dares the dangers of dinner-giving, and grapples with the agony of paying the consequent bills, for the sake of "getting Arch Saltoun, who has always been as dear to her as a son," she asserts, into collision with her daughter.

In order to make that daughter fairer in his eyes, she decks the uncompromisingly plain Miss Finlay in raiment of puce.

Still for all these sacrifices on her part, Arch either abstains from the dinner altogether, or abstains from letting either his attention or his heart stray towards Georgie, when he does suffer himself to be scolded or cajoled into going.

Miss Finlay sails on a desperately dangerous sea.

She assumes the frankly fraternal tone towards him, trusting that he will be beguiled by the seeming safety into allowing himself to respond in such a way as will justify a vigilant mother in asking him what he "meant by it."

But Arch is like an ironclad opposed to her discreetly chilled shot.

He will not be frankly fraternal even, but he is frankly indifferent.

He thinks the daughter plain, tiresome, and designing, and finds the mother's dinners tedious and fatiguing.

He does not tell himself in so many words that he knows they are spreading a net for his feet, hoping that the unwary moment will come when he will catch his feet in its meshes and never be able to disentangle them.

But he feels it, and the feeling engenders a sentiment of active loathing in his mind against both Lady Fitzalister and her daughter.

It half amuses him in the midst of his settled melancholy, to perceive that Miss Clason is playing a little game of her own all the while, the moves of which she carefully conceals from both her patronesses.

She, too, sends him flowers, and writes him little notes, but they are of the most humble and apologetic order.

She suffers him to see by their tone, and by her modest air of nervous embarrassment when they do meet, that

She has no hope in loving him,  
She only asks "to love!"  
And feeds upon her silent heart,  
As on its breast the dove.

Frank indifference is no expression for the line he adopts towards her.

Frank aversion he feels and shows, and Miss Clason, feeling that she may as well content herself with small mercies since she cannot have great ones showered upon her, does all she can to injure him in the estimation of everyone who will listen to her, by alluding with "much pain" to the indelicacy of the overtures he has made to her so soon after his poor wife's death.

There are others in the neighbourhood equally ready to proffer him consolation if he will only accept it at their hands.

The Miss Letchfords run the risk of getting sun-strokes in the summer, and bronchitis in the winter, by adventuring out in all sorts of weather into all the highways and byeways on the chance of meeting and having a few minutes' conversation with him.

They compel him to stop, by coming to an abrupt halt themselves.

If he is on horseback, they fall into ecstasies over all the wrong points of his horse in misguided endeavours to please him.

They set their father to waylay him in the village street, and goad the weak-headed, warm-hearted old squire to pester Arch to "drop in to the family dinner and have a little music with the girls afterwards quite in a friendly way."

They caress Vengeance till Arch wickedly wishes that the dog his dead wife loved so well would turn and bite them in resentment at the liberties they dare to take with him.

They are not at all tenuous on the subject of slights or coolness, and they are utterly impervious to anything like cold water being thrown on their little endeavours to establish themselves well.

They tell each other in moments of confidence that, "Indeed he ought to be proud to be able to get such fine, handsome young girls," as they frankly acknowledge they believe themselves to be.

There is no awkward timidity in the manner of making their advances.

The prospect of "a good home and husband of their own" is quite brilliant enough to abolish the maidenly reserve which might have fettered their movements had they indulged themselves in aping such an old-fashioned virtue, and they scheme for him with flattering openness and unceasing zeal.

These unseemly combinations that are put into operation have this good effect, at least:

They cause him to "listen," at least, to his sister when she tells him that his duty to all who are connected with him, and to all who are dependent upon him, and last, but not least, to himself, demands that he should cast off this burden of regret and hopeless indifference to

the living, and resume his place in the world as the "man" he was before poor Gladys died.

"For all have suffered through, if not with you, Arch," she tells him, honestly. "You have alienated yourself from us, from your tenants, and your own interests. No one is justified in trying to live to himself, and to suffice to himself without one particle of regard for the feelings and interests of others, as you are doing now. It is neither good, nor kind, nor brave, nor honest. You have lost one who was very dear to you, but you have lost her to a rival whose claims none of us can resist. Other men have had to bear the loss of wives whom they held as dear as ever you held Gladys in a far more painful way. Come to us for a few weeks, and allow yourself to see what is the truth. Grief has become a habit with you now, and you find it easier to indulge that habit than to struggle against it."

He listens to her, and at last her arguments prevail, and he allows himself to be got away from the home that no longer holds a single charm for him to the bright abode where children riot and laughter reigns, over which Mrs. Dumorest holds sway.

His sister does not force him into society, but gradually he finds himself going into it, nor does she thrust one girl more than another upon his attention.

But he soon finds himself seeing a good deal of—and thinking even more about—a Miss Gwendoline Jones, a past and favourite pupil of Clement Dumorest's, and an even greater friend and favourite of Dumorest's wife.

She is tall, fine, straight-forward-looking, fair in complexion, with deep grey eyes, and hair of that glorious chestnut tint that has golden reflections in it.

Her head and face are of the Clytie type, but in her face there is all the sweetness and ten times the strength of the Clytie.

She is young and ardent, full of love for her art, and of hopes as to her career.

But though these loves and hopes absorb her in reality she does not gush about them, or in any way obtrude them upon the observation of those who are not like-minded to herself.

Briefly, and not until he asks for it, Florence Dumorest tells her brother the story of this girl's life.

She is the daughter of a country clergyman, one of a dozen brothers and sisters, and she has struggled and fought as bravely as any man could do against adverse circumstances until now she has placed herself in the position of being regarded as one of the most rising portrait painters of the day.

"I needn't tell you," Mrs. Dumorest goes on, "that girl, beautiful and young and charmingly clever as she is, has been subjected to hundreds of temptations; men of rank and wealth have tried to patronise her into dangerously soft moods of gratitude, and have failed. Gwendoline does her work so conscientiously and well, that she feels she is never under an obligation to anyone who gives her a commission and pays the price she asks for it. She's as beautifully independent without being unfeminine as she is beautifully free without being forward in any way."

"I think she's a nice girl," Arch says, concisely.

And as his sister wisely makes no further remark, he feels that he may, without feeling himself observed, give himself the pleasure of making a deeper study than he has made of the interesting young portrait painter.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

I hold that an artist born  
Is too high above common passion  
To feel taught for men's love but scorn.

"You'll go out with me to-night, won't you, Arch?" his sister says, coaxingly, to him one day. "Clement is going to a bachelors' dinner, and I know from experience that I needn't expect his escort, though, as usual, he promises to be home in time to give it to me; so you will come, won't you?"

"Come where? To the opera, ball, or theatre? Where is it you want me to go?" he asks.

"To neither, dear? Just to a little, quiet informal at home, where you'll see pretty women and pretty dresses, and hear talk and music that will charm you."

"Not one of the things you've mentioned have the smallest attraction for me," he replies; "but I'll go with you if you don't like going alone. Where is it?"

"At the Gaskers. Gasker is—well, it's difficult to say what Gasker is not. He is a dramatist, an art critic, composes graceful, ear-catching melodies, that you hear on every street piano and barrel organ as soon as they come out. Every now and then he takes a theatre and 'manages' it into a press success and a commercial failure, and then retires from the management with a parting speech so exquisitely delivered that for weeks afterwards he is inundated with letters from any number of pretty, silly women who have fallen in love with him."

"And how does Mrs. Gasker like this latter part of it?"

"There is no Mrs. Gasker. When I spoke of 'the Gaskers' I meant Gasker and his sisters. You must come, Arch; the sisters will amuse you. They array themselves in modified thirteenth century dresses, and stand about in Anglo-Saxon attitudes 'after' the saints on the borders of old missals. Sometimes they vary the entertainment by appearing in Japanese costume; but you're always sure of their looking remarkable and funny, and that, in these days of monotony in dress, is refreshing."

"Does Gasker get himself up as a mediæval saint or Japanese ambassador occasionally?" Arch asks, laughing.

"Oh, no! They leave the artistic eccentricities to the women. The men rather affect easy Bohemianism in their attire. You're sure to-night to see velvet blouses and loose red ties intermingled with the evening dress which we deem de rigueur, and you'll see a good deal of curious dresses among the men as well as the women; but if you take the trouble to inquire you will find that these are the men who are founding new schools of poetry and painting, and when you read the language in which they clothe their thoughts you will cease to think much about the raiment in which they clothe their bodies."

"I'm glad Clement doesn't make an idiot of himself in that way," is all Arch says in reply.

"Poor Gasker!" Mrs. Dumorest says, with a smile which is intended to excite her brother's curiosity. "I can't help pitying him a little bit, though he is a brilliantly successful man."

"What about?" Arch asks, with the most languid indifference.

"About an unrequited love," she replies. "Gasker has not often sighed in vain. The experience is as novel as it's unpleasant to him."

"How do you know he's sighing in vain? Girls are so universally deceitful about such matters that they'll make you believe they're repelling a fellow all the time they're moving heaven and earth to get him."

"But this girl happens not to be deceitful," Mrs. Dumorest says, quietly.

"Who is she?" Arch asks, not at all because he desires to know, but simply because he sees that his sister wishes him to inquire, and being a good-natured man, he invariably gratifies other people's wishes when they do not run decidedly counter to his own, as in the cases of the Misses Finlay, Letchford, and Clason.

So now he asks:

"Who is she?" with absolute indifference, and receives in answer:

"Gwendoline Jones," with absolute annoyance.

"It's a pity he should love in vain, if he's the admirable Crichton you describe," Arch says, with an effort to subdue pique and exhibit magnanimity.

"It is a pity from the worldly point of view, for Gasker's wife will have a good position, and every luxury that money can procure or taste can desire; but on the whole I am not sorry; hers is a nobler nature than his, and I want



someone for her to whom she can look up, and on whom she can rely."

Mrs. Dumorest utters her platitudes as if she had faith in them, though no one knows better than she does, that for a woman to be put in the position of having to look up to and eternally rely on a man means that she is bound in the chains of the most abject slavery.

The sweet trust very soon develops into supine terror, the 'reliance' is shortly only another name for helpless inability to do anything without the consent of her tyrant, for fear he may find something at which to peevishly carp and grumble in her most innocent acts.

She does not dare to be openly ill, for the overwhelming dread she has that he will take the opportunity of finding that everything is going wrong over which she has nominal supervision.

So she struggles along, doing all her daily duties inefficiently, she feels, because she dares not bravely cast the burden of them off for a few days at nature's command, while she refits herself for that active service in which she is always ready and more than willing to bear her part.

"Miss Gwendoline Jones is a capital girl, and deserves a good husband," is Arch's response to his sister's eulogium on her favourite friend; "still I think," he adds, with as much zeal as he can throw into another man's cause, "that if Mr. Gasker is all you declare him to be, that a girl who has no one to look after her but herself might be worse off than in marrying him."

"You don't know her, I do," is Mrs. Dumorest's sententious reply, but she thinks triumphantly: "He will see her to-night looking more beautiful than ever if I am not mistaken about that dress; he'll turn with pleasure from those representatives of the classical and mediæval ages to the contemplation of my modern views with pleasure. Oh! if he would only forget Gladys, or forget that he thinks he ought to remember her, what a happy man he might be still!"

Arch unquestionably does not at all resemble the ideal "happy man" when about ten o'clock this night he rouses himself from an after dinner dream of peace in which he has indulged in Clement's studio, which is always well supplied with periodicals and newspapers, and obeys the summons to attend his sister.

Mrs. Dumorest stands in the artistically arranged entrance hall, with the light falling upon her picturesquely, as it is her custom to do when Clement is going out with her, in order that she may have the good opinion which she has formed of herself before the cheval glass in her room endorsed by his judgment.

She catches Arch's less cultivated eye as she stands thus, and he sees her as she is, a pretty woman by the grace of nature, and a far prettier one by the grace of art.

She is "an arrangement" in silvery grey satin and brocade, with Honiton lace billowing about it, and trails and bunches of the palest pink and blue flowers tracing out its lines.

Small wonder that Arch thinks his sister fair, and smaller wonder still that fair as he thinks her his eyes rove away from her with little delay to the fairer object by her side.

"Gwendoline is going with me," Mrs. Dumorest explains hurriedly to her brother, as she sees his eyes rest admiringly on the young lady by her side, who is showing the most reassuring and unfeigned indifference to both his presence and his admiration.

The fact is that she has just caught a side view of herself, as she stands against a background of old tapestry with a suit of chain armour towering above her in a quaint old wrought glass Venetian mirror, and she sees that a picture may be made of it all, a picture with "a story" that will sell.

She is so occupied with this view, and the idea it has engendered, that she scarcely sees and does not give a moment's thought to Arch.

Accordingly, he feels that he is safe in feasting his eyes on her beauty, which heightened as it is to-night by her robe of mignonette

coloured silk and satin—haring her ivory shoulders and arms enough, and not too much—is dazzling to-night.

"Haven't you a word to say to me?"

For some undefinable reason he refrains from even addressing her as "Miss Jones." The name always seems to grate on his ears.

"It's not half pretty enough for such a pretty creature," he thinks, as he looks at the animated Clytie before him, who is trying to jot down in her memory the details of the picture, a vision of which has just flashed into her mind, even while she at the same time tries also to give courteous attention to the brother of her friend.

He is this and nothing more to her up to the present, just the brother of her friend, a man who claims a certain amount of pity and sympathy on account of his having lost a wife whom she has heard described as being young and very lovely.

But before this evening is over she gives more thought to him than this.

The Gaskers informal little at home turns out to be a densely crowded affair, broken into unequal parts by a stand-up supper, which appears to go on at intervals during the evening.

"Half the art and literature of the day are here to-night," Florence whispers to Arch when they go in, and Arch replies as they pass a group of ladies:

"You might as well have told me that it was to be a regular fancy dress affair. Who's the lady in the green dressing-gown who has forgotten to do her hair?"

"It's the youngest Miss Gasker. Dressing-gown, indeed, Arch! it's the robe she wore when she sat to Clement last year for his 'Queen Guinevere,' the picture created such a furore that Edith Gasker wears it whenever she can," Mrs. Dumorest says.

"What a pity Clement couldn't find a prettier model for his 'Guinevere,'" Arch says, looking thoughtfully at the youngest Miss Gasker, who is considerably giving him a full view and ample time to make a study of her profile; "her cheeks are hollow, and she's lantern-jawed, and her shoulders are high. Clement was determined to try and make us feel that there wasn't the slightest excuse for Lancelot, if this is to be taken as anything like a fair presentation of her."

"Treasure! she's one of the beauties of this particular school; it's a style that you have to be educated up to before you properly appreciate it."

"Yes, quite an acquired taste, I should think," Arch laughs. "Is her brother a beauty of the same order?"

"Not at all; that is her brother talking to Gwendoline, as usual."

"Oh, she likes his conversation, though she doesn't respond to his affection. I don't think that quite fair of a girl to monopolise a fellow, and let him show everybody that he's running after her when she means nothing."

"My dear Arch, I don't suppose that she sees he's running after her, or anything of the sort. I can hardly explain to you how simple-minded she has remained on the subject of love and marriage, in spite of all the society experience she has had. She's not at all given to thinking that she has made a conquest because a man seeks her society. The life she has led has taught her to look upon her men friends as fellow-workers and comrades. She is not like the mere idle, fashionable young lady, who sees a possible husband in every eligible man who approaches her."

"She seems very much engrossed by him at present," Arch says.

And there is a slight accent of bitterness in his voice which sounds pleasantly in his sister's ears.

"He is beginning to think about her, for he's a little jealous of Gasker already," Mrs. Dumorest tells herself.

And she rejoices in the prospect of his burying the old love and commencing life afresh with this higher and purer one.

"Do you like this sort of thing?" Arch asks

Gwendoline late in the night, when together they have drifted into comparative retirement.

"The people or the place, do you mean?" she replies. "Some of the people I think charming, and the house everyone must admire."

A pang contracts Arch's heart.

It is true the house and its beautiful artistic arrangements must call forth admiration in the breast of all who possess a cultivated taste.

"Like a woman, she thinks it would be a pleasant thing to reign here," he thinks, and he wonders if Gasker is one of the people she thinks 'charming,' in spite of what his sister has told him.

"Your friend, Mr. Gasker, seems to be a versatile genius indeed," he remarks, as at the moment Gasker goes to the piano, and begins to sing a brilliant song in brilliant style.

"That's just what he is, a versatile genius, a man who can do all things well, and doesn't take the trouble to do any one thing remarkably well, as he has the power of doing if only he had the perseverance."

"All this interest looks to me as if she were in love with him," Arch thinks; and he tells himself that he is very glad, as she's a splendid, fine, firm, good-resolved girl, and it's a pity that it should be taken out of her at her early age by overwork and anything like anxiety for the future.

"What a glorious wife she'll make for that fellow," looking at Gasker, who has become personally distasteful to him during the evening by reason of the assiduous manner in which Gasker, whenever his attention is not positively claimed by other people, devotes himself to Gwendoline.

But he does not once tell himself:

"What a splendid wife she would make for me."

In theory if not in practice, the vow he made over the grave of his lost Gladys is still unbroken.

But his manner has been sufficiently interesting to Gwendoline to-night to make her feel that it will be well for her work if she sees no more of him.

(To be Continued.)

#### NOTES FROM YARMOUTH.

On the Marine Parade at Yarmouth, near the old jetty, is a tall building well known to mariners as the Sailors' Home. The word shipwrecked might be appropriately added, as nearly 5,000 poor fellows who lost their vessels have been admitted during the last nineteen years and sent on free to their homes when able to travel. These men had every possible care and attention from Mr. Watson, the kindhearted superintendent, and his good wife, for very often they much required it, many of them being much bruised and injured in the fearful storms occurring on our Eastern coast.

Some years since no less than eighty-five shipwrecked men were brought into the Home during one fearful night. All these had to be provided with dry clothing, and even the bed of the good superintendent was given up to these poor sufferers. This excellent institution owes its origin to Mr. George Simon Harcourt, head of an ancient family of that name, and formerly M.P. for Buckinghamshire, who was very fond of yachting, especially on the Norfolk broads and rivers. Luckily for Yarmouth and mariners traversing the Great North Sea, he became a resident in the old town, and soon ascertained how much a Sailors' Home was required.

Another institution—the Yarmouth Hospital—founded on Her Majesty's coronation day, is also of immense benefit to the poor fishermen and sailors and their families, over 50,000 patients having been admitted since it was opened, and lately they have much increased in number, as many come a long distance for benefit of the splendid sea air, combined with medical treatment. The hospital funds being very low just now, Mr. Frank Buckland offered to give a lecture at the Town Hall upon fish

and fishing, the proceeds to be equally divided amongst these two institutions, and I am glad to say with the substantial result of about £40, and more, no doubt, will come in from those unable to be present. And where can money be better given, as I know full well, having been surgeon of the Home since its commencement.

Sometimes clothes are required to replace the wretched rags when admitted, for very often all they had in the world went down with the ship. Then, again, small sums to help them on again are very necessary. On several occasions the poor dogs belonging to wrecked vessels were also saved, and last year the mate of a ship lost on the Scroby Sand actually risked his life to bring off his faithful dog, which he succeeded in doing. The crew were lashed to the rigging over forty hours during fearful weather in November, nearly forty miles from land in the great North Sea. Every hour their vessel sank deeper and deeper in the sand, and almost every wave washed over them. The second long night was terrible indeed, until at last, when almost all hope had left, they were fortunately seen by a Yarmouth smack, and rescued from their perilous position nearly dead from exposure to cold and want of food.

The worst case was a Newcastle boy, an only son, who had left a most comfortable home five days before, and, this being his first voyage, he had been continually sea-sick, but even he recovered, and I need not say he never went on the ocean again.—H. R.

## SCIENCE.

### ANOTHER PLAN FOR RAISING WRECKS.

M. TOSELLI, to whose marine inventions we have before more than once alluded, has recently devised a method of raising sunken vessels differing materially from other plans in some respects similar, and which may, under certain circumstances, prove particularly valuable. The method may be described as a plan for coiling round the hull of a sunken vessel a long line of canvas bags, which, when placed in position, are to be inflated by powerful forcing pumps, and which then lie around the vessel exactly like a string of gigantic sausages. A sufficient number of such aerial saucers being fixed securely round a wreck it is easy to perceive that it must of necessity come quickly to the surface.

The difficulty the inventor has had to overcome has, of course, been to devise a practicable means of placing these air bags. To accomplish this an engineer descends to the vessel, and, by means of a telegraphic wire he carries with him, indicates to those above the precise spots to which a grapnel shall be lowered. The grapnel descends, automatically attaches itself to the bulwarks of the wreck, and there remains connected with a buoy floating on the surface of the sea. Other grapnels are similarly fixed all round the decks of the sunken vessel, and as a buoy floats over every grapnel, the exact shape and position of the wreck are indicated. The canvas bags are now lowered round outside the buoys, the end of the line attached to the stem or stern of the vessel, and the whole string of sausages inflated. Being wound round and round the hull, when they begin to rise they of course carry the wreck with them to the surface, when it can be repaired or towed to a place of safety.

### "THE OLD AGE OF A PLANET."

Mr. Proctor has given a lecture at the London Institution on "The Old Age of a Planet," being a sequel to the lecture on the youth of a planet. The duration of the various phases of a planet's existence depends, *ceteris paribus*, on its dimensions, and the planets smaller than the earth were referred to as representing various stages of planetary old age. Venus, which is nearer to the sun than the earth, and, there-

fore, probably of later birth, is also smaller than the earth, and is, theoretically, either in the same stage of planetary existence or even less developed than our planet. The evidence gained by telescopic observation accords with this view.

It has recently been noticed that in certain phases we catch the illumination of what are regarded as the oceans of Venus, though some have, as Mr. Proctor considers wildly, interpreted the phenomena as indicating that Venus has a metallic surface enclosed in a glassy envelope. About Mercury we know too little to express any very confident opinion, but, being near the sun and being probably therefore the last born of the planets, his small globe would pass quietly through the stages of planetary life. Of Mars we know more. Being much smaller than the earth, and also more remote from the sun, and therefore probably of earlier birth, this planet might be expected to have reached a much later stage of development, an inference which facts observed by the telescope support.

Our moon, a still smaller planet, and certainly as a fully formed planet older than the earth from which it was thrown off, gives still better opportunities of telescopic observation, and it is theoretically most likely to tell us of the old age of a planet. It seems to all intents dead, without air (or having air of extreme rarity) and without seas. There can be hardly a doubt that many of the features observable are the result of extinct craters, though some of the smaller of the circular markings, Mr. Proctor thinks, are a result of the falling into the moon's mass of meteoric bodies, at a period prior to her attaining rigidity. Though we see some planets that have reached the death-like stage, and others slowly tending towards it, yet when we look with still wider scope we see some of our own solar system, and some of other systems, perfecting towards the life period. The heat and light of one particular system are not lost, but go to keep up the eternal interchanges of cosmical vitality.

### BREAKING IN HORSES BY ELECTRICITY.

SOME experiments have been made at Brussels in breaking in horses by means of an electric bridle. The apparatus, called the Engstrom bridle, after its inventor, consists simply in a couple of reins, along which run electric wires. At the end of the reins a small electric battery is attached, which is entirely in the power of the experimenter. By pressing on a little knob the electric current acts on the corners of the horse's mouth, and after a few consecutive or intermittent shocks the animal becomes perfectly docile.

A very intractable mare was broken in after one experiment with the bridle. The inventor asserts that runaway horses can immediately be brought to a standstill by means of this apparatus.

### CHEAPSIDE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

WONDROUSLY different was the Westchepe of the eleventh century when the Norman Conqueror granted his brief and pithy charter to the citizens of London, from that of the nineteenth, with its stately edifices, its asphalted pavement, with its rush and roar of never-ceasing traffic. It was then somewhat like an ill-tended country road, in the summer rough and uneven and full of deep holes, and in the winter a quagmire of mud and filth knee-deep, with better beaten causeways at the sides for pedestrian traffic.

It is recorded by Stowe that in 1091 a terrible hurricane passed over London, when 600 houses were blown down, and the roof of the church of St. Mary-le-Bow, erected a few years previously, was lifted off, carried some distance, and dashed

into the street with such violence that four of the rafters, 25 feet in length, were driven into the earth, "the ground being of a moorish nature," leaving only four feet exposed, "which were fain to be cut even with the ground, because they could not be plucked out."

The houses stood apart from each other like cottages in a village, and were thatched with straw, which was the cause of many fires, one occurring two years after the great storm, in which nearly the whole of the remaining houses were consumed; and so did the citizens continue to rebuild their habitations after each successive fire, until 1245, when it was ordained that for the future they should be covered with tiles or slates, instead of straw, in the chief streets, "especially those close together, which were but few in number, for in Cheapside was a void place called Crown Field, from the Crown Inn, which stood at the end of it."

This field was at the end of Soper's Lane, by Bucklersbury, and upon it were erected stages for spectators of pageants. It was sold, 2 Ed. IV., to Sir Richard Cholmley, but does not appear to have been utilised immediately for building purposes, as we hear of it in the time of Henry VII.

## BLUNDERING.

A STORY is told of a dashing colonel quartered in Brussels which speaks more for the honesty and scrupulous obedience to orders than the brightness of his servant. The colonel, who was engaged out to dinner, just as he was leaving home was seized with such a violent toothache that he was obliged to send an excuse.

"Take this note to Madame W., and bring me my dinner."

The man delivered the note, and to her surprise showed no signs of going away. On being asked what he was waiting for, he answered that he was to take back the colonel's dinner. The lady saw through his blunder, ordered the dinner to be served, and added a half bottle of champagne to be served at dessert.

Laden with saucepans, the worthy man returned, and proceeded to wait on his master, who found his dinner so much better than he usually got from the restaurant that he forgot his ailments, and enjoyed the plates one after another. At last came the champagne, and that necessarily led to an explanation.

The poor colonel was in despair; after a moment's reflection he gave his man ten francs and told him to buy a bouquet, and take it with his compliments to Madame W. By-and-bye he came back and gravely placed ten francs on the table.

"What does that mean? Where does that come from?"

"From Madame W., answered the man, with evident satisfaction; "she paid for the bouquet."

On receiving it she had given him five francs for himself, but he, careful of his master's interests, had replied:

"It is not five francs—it's ten francs," and brought them back.

The colonel has taken to his bed and the story has got about, much to the amusement of his fellow officers. The lady is a widow. What next?

### A NEW FOSSIL BIRD.

IT is interesting to learn from the last Bulletin of the United States Survey of the Territories that the remains of a bird of high organisation have been discovered in certain insect-bearing shales at Florissant, in Colorado. The relics comprise the greater part of the skeleton, and, though deficient in portions of head, include nearly all the bones of the anterior and posterior extremities; the wings and tail are so well imprinted on the rock as to indicate even the shafts and barbs of the



feathers. The fossil represents a bird of arboreal habits, with well-developed powers of flight.

It belongs evidently to a high-ornithic type, and is probably referable to the group of Passeres, or perching birds. Although the absence of bill renders it impossible to assign the species to any particular family, there are reasons for believing that it is allied to the finches. *Palaeospiza bella* is the name under which Mr. J. A. Allen describes this new bird. Both generic and specific names are new. This specimen represents the first fossil passerine bird which has been discovered in North America.

## PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

### THE NEW CANTERBURY.

To those who, like ourselves, remember the origin, have watched the progress, and marked the widespread success of the modern Music Hall, an inferior or superior specimen of which popular establishment is now to be found in every region or district of the mighty metropolis, and which has propagated its like in every provincial city and large town of the kingdom, the doings and prosperity of the parent institution—the Canterbury—possess an especial interest. It was therefore with pleasurable memories of Charles Morton, erewhile of the Oxford, of William Holland, "the people's caterer," and other worthies who have identified their names and fortunes with the "Old" Canterbury, that we crossed the other night the New Westminster Bridge, and passed through a flower and fountain-lined arcade, amidst lamps, grottoes, ferns, fragrant blooms, and rare exotics, into the sumptuous Hall, Saloon, Theatre, Palace, or what you will, of the "New" Canterbury.

Truly Mr. Villiers has here proved that the first of the music halls in order of seniority is still first in taste of decoration, elegance of fitting and convenience of its arrangements; while the character of the entertainments on the evening of our visit need not fear comparison with the best programmes of the most popular of public places of amusement.

Reserving for after-notice the singers, instrumentalists, acrobats, jugglers, and the like, we come to the "pièce de résistance, Plevna." This we unhesitatingly pronounce one of the most interesting, intelligent and intelligible war panoramas we have had the fortune to witness. The heroic defence of this hill-surrounded stronghold by its devoted garrison of Turkish patriots, under Osman Pacha, against the barbarous hordes of the Cossack invader and the treacherous Prince of Roumania, must ever remain the most glorious episode of the late brutal, hypocritical, sanguinary war. The vivid picture here presented consists of a series of illustrations. First, we have a sunset view of the most picturesque of European cities, Constantinople, with its gardens, groves and minarets crowning many hills, its sea-washed palaces, and that combination of beauties of situation which made Gibbon, the historian, describe it as the bridge and post of two worlds—Europe and Asia. This is followed by a twilight scene on the road to Adrianople, with a moonlight view of that city just rescued from the grasp of the greedy Russian invader by the firmness and honesty of the Prime Minister of England at Europe's congress. Daybreak on the road and Philipopolis at sunrise, introduce us to scenes of Turkish life, and a dance by the ladies of the harem, in which Mdlles. Ada Phillips, Broughton, Florence Powell and a brilliant corps de ballet display their grace and agility. Again we are brought back to scenes of war. An encampment near Tatar Bazarjik, camp-followers, human and other vultures. Thence to Sofia at the western spur of the Balkans—a city we fear passed away into the "New Bulgaria" of the northern spoiler. Hence we march with the reinforcements through the Balkans and towards Plevna, and view the Russian advance, the Emperor's staff, and the investing forces, Plevna itself, with the evening attack on the

Gravitz redoubt, and the deadly repulse of the Russo-Roumanian forces, and the glorious, though alas! fruitless, victory of Osman Pasha conclude the vivid, exciting and realistic picture. We cannot spare space for detail of the many well-executed military manoeuvres of the hundreds of boys who, under the drill and discipline of Sergeant White of the Grenadier Guards, perform the strategic movements of attack and defence; suffice it to say that they are admirable, while the accuracy and fidelity of the accessories of arms, costume, &c., are guaranteed by the personal experiences of himself, a special correspondent and artist, and the proprietors of the "Graphic" newspaper, who have placed their sketches and specimens at his disposal. "Plevna," now at its 130th representation, must not be omitted by every visitor to London who lays claim to having "seen its sights."

But over and beyond this a full evening of varied amusements of the popular stamp included Emily and William Randall, in several excellent serio-comic songs; a really clever juggler, Alexandrini; and striking acrobatic feats by the Brothers Leol. Another amusing little piece de circonstance was a musical, political, practical sketch, called "Peace or War," in which Mr. Charles Otley and Mr. Russell Grover personated in song and dialogue Prince Gortschakoff, Count Andrassy, Prince Bismarck, and Lord Beaconsfield. Nor was the ballet omitted.

Independent of the incidental dances in "Plevna," the "The Ravine of Ice" in "The Northern Stars," arranged by M. Dewinne and M. Edourd Frewin, was indeed of refreshing coolness, and this with the ingenious contrivance of the sliding glass-roof of the auditorium, a rest in the luxurious "lounge," and a libation of champagne deliciously frappé, enabled us to enjoy rather than endure the temperature of an Indian summer evening in Lambeth.

ORDERS have been given by the Admiralty for the only ironclad now remaining in reserve to be taken in hand at Portsmouth, and brought forward for further service. This is the "Repulse," which was launched in 1868 at Woolwich, her cost for engines and hull being £120,000. She is a wooden ship with sides two and a half feet in thickness, and carries six-inch armour plating, is of 6,190 tons displacement, and has a complement of 500. She was paid off in June last, after a commission as flag ship in the Pacific.

PEOPLE who may have been nervous about passing over Waterloo Bridge, in consequence of the reported unsafe condition of a portion of it, may be reassured from the authority of Mr. Bramwell, Sir John Hawkshaw, and Mr. Abernethy—than whom there are no three higher authorities in the engineering profession—that Waterloo Bridge is safe and sound and likely to last for centuries. If it were not so it would be surely bad policy on the part of the Board of Works to offer even nearly half a million for a bridge which may tumble into the water any day.

## THE INVISIBLE COMMODORE;

OR

### THE SECRETS OF THE MILL.

#### CHAPTER XI.

A new animation at once pervaded the entire assemblage, and a new light beamed from every eye.

The era of a new order of things seemed to have dawned.

This seemed especially true for Harry. At last he had reached his destination.

As to Essie Morrow, she was very happy

and contented under the proposed arrangement.

It seemed to her that her father could yet clear himself of the great cloud which had been cast upon his destiny by the impostor.

And especially it seemed to her that our hero was the very man to assist the governor in such a laudable undertaking.

How noble and grand he appeared to her at that moment!

The very next words he uttered confirmed her in his good opinion.

"We have no time to lose, Governor," he said. "The great problem now before us is to decide who is to have possession of the island and the colony—we or the pirates!"

The remark of our hero really covered the whole situation.

It was easy to imagine, in the light of the discoveries which had been made, that the entire island was full of pirates.

Such a state of things was perfectly to be expected from the great fraud which had so long reigned there.

Ere another word could be uttered, however, Lord William Brighton made his appearance in the reception-room, accompanied by Sir Corson Bendigo.

This latter gentleman will be remembered as the new deputy appointed by the false major in the interest of Lord William.

"What's this I hear, Governor Morrow?" asked Bendigo, after the exchange of brief greetings. "I am told that the late deputy is an impostor—that is—"

"The declaration is perfectly correct," assured the governor, smilingly. "The man you have known as Major Clyde has no right to the name, and the best proof of that fact is that here is the real major, to whom I shall present you and your patron with great pleasure!"

The presentation was duly made, and Bendigo stared from one to another of the gentlemen around him, with a look of profound mortification and chagrin.

"It seems, then, that I am a dupe," he muttered. "Having been nominated deputy governor by a fraud, my nomination is necessarily worthless."

"Necessarily," returned Governor Morrow. "Any honest man will tell you so."

"Then what am I to do? Resign?"

"It is hardly necessary to resign an office you have never held," declared the governor. "The only thing in order is for you to make an explicit declaration of your situation, showing how you became involved with the impostor to such an extent as to be favoured with the nomination in question."

"Involved, sir? Why, we have never been involved with the infernal ruffian," affirmed Lord William, with the temper for which he was noted. "True, the rascal has made a cat's-paw of me, and it was his intention, no doubt—but why dwell upon an affair that has already caused me so much pain? My friend and I have simply called to say that we are guiltless of all wrong in this transaction, and to thus set ourselves right with the proper authorities."

And with this he bowed low to the governor, and those around him, and was about to retreat as abruptly as he had come, when Governor Morrow detained him with a gesture.

"One moment, my lord," said the governor. "If the friend of your lordship has never been a deputy governor, it is none the less a fact that he has for some hours been figuring as such. You have not only caused him to be named deputy in a proclamation which has had general circulation, but he has taken sundry steps and measures by reason of the supposed authority thus conferred upon him. Am I right?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"Before you go, then, gentlemen," pursued Governor Morrow, "will it be too much for us to expect from you a full and candid account of all the steps and measures in question?"

Lord William hesitated a moment, while expressions of a variety of emotions came and went upon his features.

"Why, of course not," he then answered.

"Good. Let us all be seated," proposed Governor Morrow. "And now for a sketch of Sir Corson's proceedings."

It was clear enough that Lord William and Sir Corson had no taste for the business in hand, but they nevertheless made a virtue of necessity, and gave a rapid account of what they had done, thought or discovered during the few hours preceding.

In one sense these revelations amounted to very little, covering only two or three points, such as a reinforcement of the garrison, and the strengthening of the guard at the official residence.

In another sense, however, the statements of Sir Corson were of some consequence, as indicating that the false major had not accorded him any confidence of importance, but was busily intent upon a line of conduct whose motives and purposes he kept to himself.

"I see," commented Governor Morrow, when Sir Corson and Lord William had concluded. "Your lordship and Sir Corson have not learned a great deal, not being aware of the character of the man, and not having his confidence; but it is clear enough that he has been forcing his tools into the garrison, and we must take good care to weed them out in the course of the morning."

Accompanied by his friend, Lord William soon took his departure, glad to escape a more rigorous investigation of his associations with the impostor, and congratulating himself on the fact that all he had done in his quality of "cat's-paw" to injure Governor Morrow was still undetected.

The two gentlemen had scarcely vanished when Captain Chuddley again put in an appearance, with a face that had brightened notably in his absence.

He was received with the warm greetings he deserved, and was at once introduced to our hero, and hastily put in possession of all the wonderful discoveries which had been made since his departure.

His amazement on learning that some unknown assassin had been figuring for three years as deputy governor of the colony was too great for ready expression.

At the first few suggestions of the real state of the case, however, he comprehended the vast fraud in all its extent and bearings.

"Strange I never thought of this!" he commented. "What a flood of light is poured upon us! How easy it is now to see why we have been so unfortunate! We can comprehend now why so many of our ships have been captured! Why, this man may be Mallet himself—Captain Mallet, the great head and front of all the pirates of the West Indies! Where is he now, Governor?"

"Safe in prison, Captain!" "I'll see him in the course of the morning," said Chuddley, "and see what I can make out of him. But this is not the business that brought me back here. I came to say that I have already found men enough to take the place of such of my crew as were killed in the late battle. In the first place, I have received half a dozen good men from the 'Usher,' and in the second, a fisherman has just arrived from leeward, bringing the crew of a wrecked brig from Honduras, a dozen good men, all told, who have very gladly offered their services in taking the 'Alliance' back to England."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Governor Morrow. "Then there is nothing to prevent an early departure."

"Nothing, sir—if we can give the enemy the slip—the pirates, I mean—the two ships that chased me into port. But possibly they may be gone already, especially if they have learned that their friend and representative—the false major—has fallen into our clutches. In any case I think I can get aboard any cargo offered, as well as all necessary provisions and water, in the course of the day, and so be ready to sail early in the evening. Is your excellency going to England under the new turn affairs have taken?"

"I was just about asking myself that very question," answered Governor Morrow. "I ought to remain here in view of the strange and awful state of facts presented to our attention, but, on the other hand, I ought to hurry to England in person to clear up this abominable business. I think I could represent our misfortunes in such a light that the government would at once use all its resources for the instant and permanent destruction of the pirates!"

"Then why don't you go, sir? Here is a deputy who will answer, I am sure, for the well-being of the colony in your absence. Young, active, and with a personal grievance of the first magnitude, I am sure Major Clyde will make it uncomfortable for the piratical fraternity during your absence. Why not leave him in charge, Governor, as your representative as well as deputy, and sail for England with me?"

"I am more than half inclined to do so—as nothing can really be accomplished until I have laid the state of affairs here open to the government," said the governor. "If there were not so many risks in making the voyage, Captain, I could decide on the instant. I do not refer to the perils of navigation: merely to the danger of capture by the pirates. I tremble only at the thought that my daughter may be captured by the pirates, if she sails with me!"

"But why need she sail with you?" asked Chuddley, quickly. "You will, no doubt, return to the colony immediately, to continue to discharge the office of governor, and it would be an error to take your daughter with you. I don't have much fear of our being captured by the pirates, to be sure, but the fear of such a misfortune would, nevertheless, obtrude itself, and it would be vastly better for Miss Morrow to remain just where she is, Governor, until your return from England. I am sure Major Clyde will answer for her safety."

"I will, indeed," spoke up Harry, with such fervour and promptness that the governor and commander exchanged smiling glances, while the colour of Essie's cheek notably brightened.

"Well, what may you, my child?" asked the governor, still smiling.

"It is for you to decide, dear father," answered Essie. "You know I am no sailor, besides not being fond of sea voyages, and I am sure you will return from England immediately; but still I cannot bear the thought of your going away alone. If the pirates should capture you, I should never forgive myself for not being with you."

"Enough, child," interrupted the governor, drawing her to his heart. "I shall leave you in charge of the Government House as usual, and under the care of the major. The captain is right. The major will take the best of care of you. Do not say one word to dissuade me from taking the voyage; affairs are in such a jumble here, to say nothing of dangers, that I must not lose a moment."

"We have already discussed how terribly I have been maligned to the government by unknown enemies, and you will see at a glance that nothing less than my personal presence will clear up my record in that quarter, and defeat the wicked machinations of which I am the victim."

The affairs of the colony were accordingly arranged upon this basis.

At an early hour of the following evening the governor and Captain Chuddley sailed in the "Alliance" for England, and our hero was left in charge of the colony, and of Essie.

Painful was the separation, and many and keen were the anxieties, and even forebodings, with which the farewells of the father and daughter were accompanied.

The governor departed with as much hope as courage, however, and there was even a doubly bright side to the position in which Harry Clyde found himself.

He had the prospect of punishing the pirates for the wrongs he had suffered at their hands, and he was at liberty to pursue his acquaintance with Essie.

Indeed, as he returned with Essie from the harbour to the Government House, after seeing the "Alliance" off, and handed the fair girl up the steps of the official mansion, receiving her kindly thanks, he said to himself that she was the one bright being of whom he had dreamed, and he then and there realised that she was already all the world to him.

## CHAPTER XII.

THE hour was near midnight.

Governor Morrow sat in the cabin of the "Alliance," after pacing the deck until he was weary.

Captain Chuddley was with him.

The two men were conversing.

"We are fairly clear of the island, Governor Morrow," observed the commander. "The lights along the northern coast have nearly all died out behind us."

"And so we have said adieu to the land until we reach England," returned the governor. "During these weeks or months what may not happen?"

He sighed profoundly.

"Nothing bad will happen, I hope," said Captain Chuddley, with forced calmness. "We have taken a fine start. No sign of a pursuit or of a pirate in waiting—not the remotest sign of peril from any quarter. No sail of any kind has been reported since we started."

"And yet I cannot shake off the sense of coming evil," sighed the governor.

"The feeling is natural enough," acknowledged the commander, considerably, "in view of the circumstances. We have had a number of terrible shocks lately. What a horror is the imposture of that false major! It is natural, too, that you should feel this separation from your daughter. But wind and sea are alike favourable to us. The whole sky is a blaze of glory. I regard the situation as full of promise. Let us dismiss all care and anxiety, and turn in for the rest and sleep you need so greatly."

"We will, of course, do so," responded Governor Morrow, sighing again. "But how little are we the masters of our emotions! Just to show you how nervous I am, I will mention that everything and anybody aboard of this vessel appears sinister and menacing. I am sure I have heard that steward tiptoeing about repeatedly to listen to our conversation. I am sure, too, that your executive has something under his jacket that you have not yet detected. As to those new men from the Main, they all appear to me to be pirates. They sneak about, whispering among themselves, and acting in such a way that their very glances render me nervous."

The commander smiled gravely.

"I have noticed the conduct which has given you these impressions," he declared, with a voice and manner expressive of the deepest sympathy, "and have already given every attention to the matter. That steward's curiosity is largely developed, and I have warned him about eavesdropping. As to Lieutenant Masterman, he has been with me four or five years, and has never yet given cause of offence, although his countenance is stern and sinister enough to cover almost any character you may be pleased to give him."

"And as to those new men forward, they seem to me no worse than those we have so hurriedly picked up on the island. All of them seem to be full of the late proceedings, but really I cannot blame them for their vivid interest in the excitements in which we have so recently figured."

"Oh, I daresay it is all right, my dear Captain," said the governor. "I was only speaking of these surroundings to show how nervous I am. Let me not detain you longer with my nervous fancies," and the governor arose. "We will, of course, hope for the best."

"You will follow my example, then?" asked the commander, also arising, "and go to bed cheerful and hopeful?"



"Certainly, as soon as I have walked off a little more of my nervousness," answered the governor. "I will take a few turns on deck before retiring."

He lost no time in acting upon this intention, and was soon pacing to and fro upon the deck, absorbed in his gloomy reflections.

The night was radiantly beautiful, the moon and stars shining brilliantly, and not a cloud being visible.

The usual north-east trade-wind was blowing freshly, so that the ship had no difficulty in taking her desired course. She was making fine progress.

Her wake was like a river of light, such was the phosphorescence of those tropical waters.

Suddenly a man emerged stealthily from the cabin, looking keenly along the deck, and then fixing a singularly intent and questioning gaze upon the governor.

This man was Lieutenant Masterman.

He was a man of five-and-forty years of age, tall and well-proportioned, weighing more than two hundred pounds, and having an arm and fist that might have felled a bullock.

"Ah! there you are again!" muttered this worthy to himself, as he caught sight of the governor. "Can't sleep, eh? Too nervous?"

"Been listening again, eh?" was the counter soliloquy of Governor Morrow. "If there isn't something wrong about that man I shall consider myself a poor judge of faces henceforward!"

The face of Lieutenant Masterman was wrinkled and scarred, suggesting that he had passed through many fatigues and dangers, and even indicating that he was a representative man of the times; the survivor of many a battle, the hero of many a plot, and the incarnation or depository of many a mystery.

Indeed, there had always been something darkly mysterious about Lieutenant Masterman from the first hour when he reported for duty aboard of the "Alliance."

He was a man of few words, who kept his own counsels most rigorously, and who was always armed to the teeth, as was, indeed, the custom in those troublesome times.

"Your excellency is enjoying the fine night, I see," he observed, advancing to Governor Morrow's side.

"Yes, sir—to a certain extent," returned the governor. "I suppose it is nothing new for you to see your passengers on deck at all hours?"

"No, sir. And on such a splendid night as this it is only too natural to be abroad to enjoy it. I suppose your excellency is a good sailor—I mean, you are never sea-sick?"

The governor answered affably enough, and spent a few minutes in trying to look into the mind of the mysterious executive through the medium of his tongue and countenance, but failed to extract the smallest item of real information about him.

"If that's an honest man," was the soliloquy with which the governor finally turned away and went below, "I'd like to see a rogue!"

The governor was right.

Advancing along the deck, Lieutenant Masterman bent a keen glance in every direction around him—below and aloft, and far away upon the waters—with an air which said as plainly as words that there was a purpose under his every action.

"The poor old dupe!" he ejaculated. "Little does he dream of what is before him. Little does he comprehend the meshes in which he has so long been enveloped!"

Reaching the forward deck, the executive thumped with a marling-spike at the entrance of the fore-castle.

"Come up, boys!" he ordered, in a low but distinct voice. "The time is at hand for action."

A hundred men immediately swarmed up from below in obedience to his order. They were all armed with pistols and sabres, and were the most ferocious-looking ruffians imaginable.

"It's about time to go about," said Lieutenant Masterman to the men nearest him, who were

evidently his familiars. "I don't want the breeze to die out before we are safely back at the island!"

He gave an order or two, and in another minute the "Alliance" had literally reversed her course, and was standing quietly towards that part of the island from which she had so recently taken her departure.

"And now to astonish our friends below," said Lieutenant Masterman, with a wicked leer, still addressing the men nearest him. "A dozen of you may follow me to the cabin in readiness to do what I tell you."

A notable change came over the executive at this moment.

He swelled out with importance as a generalissimo might do at the moment of taking command of his army.

"We can all breathe free now, boys," he said, with a chuckle of grim pleasure. "There is no longer any necessity of concealing our real character. How many friends has the governor among us, Gerril?"

The question was addressed to a scarred and jauntily young fellow at his side—his executive.

"Not more than five or six, sir," answered Gerril, with smiling contentment.

"So few, then, as I supposed, that we need not take the least action in regard to them," commented Masterman. "No doubt they will all come into the brotherhood in due course, when they see that a contrary course will not benefit the governor or themselves. Follow me, Gerril, with a few of the boys. We may as well take possession."

He led the way to the cabin, which was still occupied by Captain Chuddley and his passenger, who were half undressed, and in the act of exchanging a few last words previous to retiring.

The entrance of Masterman was scarcely remarked by the two men, as he had a right there, but such was not the case with the dozen or more men that followed closely upon his footsteps, swarming rudely and noisily into the presence of their commander.

At his first glance at the intruders, Captain Chuddley recoiled in amazement; he was quick to realise that the sudden invasion did not mean any good for him or for the interests of which he was the representative.

"Well, sir," he said to Masterman, "what is the meaning of this unexpected visit?"

"It means, sir, that I and my friends are about to take possession of the 'Alliance'—if you will allow me to blurt out the fact without the least hesitation or circumlocution."

"Possession! You?" stammered the commander, looking puzzled, evidently discrediting the evidence of his senses.

"Yes, sir," affirmed Masterman, with an air of quiet resolution that contrasted strikingly with his smiling blandness. "The boys and I think the force—or whatever you choose to call it—has been carried far enough. We are not going to England."

"Not going to England?" repeated the commander, slowly, as he cast a comprehensive glance over the sea of smiling and mocking faces before him.

"Certainly not," avowed Masterman. "We have no business in England—no time to waste in a pleasure cruise in that direction."

"And do you propose to put about?"

"That is to say, sir, we have already put about," interrupted Masterman, with cheerful insolence, "and we are now on our way back to the harbour."

The commander was too astonished for utterance.

"It is as I told you, Captain Chuddley," exclaimed Governor Morrow, the first to realise the situation. "This man is a pirate; so are all the men that stand grinning behind him. I doubt if we have a friend on the ship. And this is the result of my attempt to reach England!" he added, bitterly. "I have simply placed myself in the hands of Captain Mallet and his men. Oh, heavens!"

A wild flood of consternation rushed over his soul as the whole extent of his misfortunes burst upon his mental vision.

"Are you serious, Masterman?" asked the commander, again finding his voice.

"Never more so, Captain," replied the executive. "To remove all doubts in the premises, permit me to add that I am now the commander of this ship, and Gerril here is my lieutenant."

"That's so, sir," confirmed Gerril, carrying his hand to the hilt of his sabre.

For a moment the commander stood motionless, as if paralysed, and then he sprang to his state-room, possessing himself of his sword.

"Villains!" he cried, returning and flourishing the weapon. "Leave the cabin!"

Masterman did not retreat a step, nor did one of his followers.

"You had better put that tool out of sight, Captain Chuddley," advised Masterman, speaking calmly as before. "You are not such an idiot as to assault a score of men at such close quarters. At the first actual assault from you we will cut you down without mercy! A glance at these men should tell you that we mean business!"

It did indeed!

The intruders had all drawn their weapons, and a look of dogged resolution had rendered every face as rigid as if they had been frozen.

"Is it so, then?" cried Captain Chuddley, as his glances roved wildly from one place to another. "Have I no supporters among my men? Is there not one man among you who is anxious to do his duty?"

Not a word was heard in answer to this question.

Not the least movement was made.

The commander comprehended that motionlessness and silence.

If friends he had they were over-awed by their surroundings, and did not dare to assume the risk of avowing their sentiments.

"Not one?" cried the astounded commander, hollowly. "Not one?"

The silence remained unbroken.

"You see?" suggested Masterman, as his grim features relaxed in a smile. "To resist us would be madness. You will please consider yourself my prisoner, Captain Chuddley, and when—"

He was interrupted by a violent movement on the part of the commander, who seemed to lose his self-possession at the realisation of his awful situation.

But a score of eyes had been too watchful for the resistance of Captain Chuddley to be successful.

In less time than it takes to record the fact he was seized and disarmed, and in another moment he was securely bound.

"Shall we treat you the same way, governor?" asked Masterman.

"No—there is no necessity of resorting to such harsh measures," replied the governor, with forced calmness. "I place myself at your disposal. Indeed, there is no necessity of hindering Captain Chuddley. I will be responsible for him. Please release him."

Masterman smiled again, more grimly than ever.

"That is all very well, Governor, so far as you are concerned," he said; "but I have my orders from headquarters. My orders are to take you and Captain Chuddley prisoners, and to bind you securely."

"To—to bind us?" stammered the governor.

"That's the order, sir. You will kindly permit us?"

He made a gesture to his men, and they at once set about securing the governor with ropes produced from their pockets.

"Well, this is a surprise!" groaned the commander. "You see, Governor! We are in the hands of the pirates!"

(To be Continued.)

From the last quarterly list of members of the Institution of Civil Engineers, we gather that this increasing body now consists of 1,033 Members, 1,759 Associates, and 16 Honorary Members, together 2,808; besides a class of Students attached numbering 520.



[TWO ROSES.]

## THE TWO FRIENDS.

"WINNIE, dear, I have sent Professor Norman cards to my reception this evening, and I wish you to be particularly polite to him. It's time you should prove your blood, and begin to fascinate some of the specimens of the genus homo. The ladies of the Claremont family made it a point to exercise their powers only on those most haughtily indifferent to female attractions, and the new professor has that reputation. Let me see: when I was Miss Claremont there were General Weddell, of 'Larch Grove,' young Lionel Laurens, of the 'Glen,' and two or three others, dying for love of me; and I never flirted, no indeed; that would have been beneath the Claremont dignity!"

The speaker was an old lady, whose face bore traces of great beauty, and whose silver hair and pleasant expression had a loveliness of their own, though lacking that mystical beauty which comes out more fully with advancing years, where the soul's nobler attributes are given pre-eminence to those of the frail, perishing body, and invest the mortal with immortality even before the veil of flesh is rent in twain.

Her nature was essentially frivolous. As a girl her highest ambition had been to be married and settled in accordance with her station, and now—that her young protégée should make an advantageous match.

But Winifred was not cast in the same mould as her aunt.

She was a tall, stately girl, with a pale, pure face, large, luminous eyes, and an exquisite mouth, whose sweetness softened the coldness which somewhat marred her attractiveness.

She had lived at the "Beeches," Mrs. Benedict's beautiful home, since babyhood, and having a strong, decided nature, superior to the little artifices which disfigure the mental status of most successful society leaders, she had, as is often the case, taken an entirely opposite standpoint to that of her chaperone.

It was a great disappointment to Mrs. Benedict that her favourite niece was so indifferent to the honours of belleship, heretofore universally conceded to the ladies of the Claremont family.

Another niece was also present—Alice Dover, a gay, dressy girl, who was spending a few weeks at the "Beeches."

Winifred listened respectfully, but the scornful arch of her lips put in a mute disclaimer to her aunt's words.

Alice, however, was not so indifferent.

"What must the line of action be, auntie, to captivate the professor? Tell me; I'll do my best, if Winnie won't."

The old lady tapped Allie's blooming cheek.

"You count your admirers by the dozen already, my dear, while Winnie hasn't one. The gentleman would just suit her; they could study the ologies together all their lives, and

pin bugs and beetles, etc., on to strips of paste-board, and classify and arrange."

"Auntie, will you please not connect my name with that of a perfect stranger. I think it very unkind and undignified."

The dark eyes were flashing through a suspicious moisture, but the girl was too proud to let it gather.

She resolutely forced the tears back and turned away.

"Don't take it so seriously, Cousin Win."

As Allie spoke, she linked her arm through one of Winnie's, and put her soft, dark cheek lovingly against her face.

"Come, auntie, lay out your tactics. I'm bound to win. What must I do?"

The match-making old lady turned and surveyed Allie critically.

Then she said:

"You are too gay in your attire, my dear, to please such a grave, dignified man. You have heard the old adage, 'Birds of a feather flock together,' haven't you? He will undoubtedly choose a quiet, soberly-dressed, dignified girl, just like—"

Allie hastened to interrupt her, mindful of Winnie's feelings:

"So that's what he admires? Just wait, if you please. Make no more unkind allusions to my tropical taste. See what the evening will bring forth."

Mrs. Benedict could not help smiling at the girl's gay banter as she said:

"None of your pranks, Miss Alice. I expect you to do honour to your old auntie, and I should not know you if you turn into a sombre-hued damsel, like Winnie; and it wouldn't suit your style. Winnie looks well in anything."

"Thanks for the compliment. Come, oh, most peerless of brownies, come into the garden and help me gather flowers. May we have all we want, auntie, dear? These rooms must be turned into bowers of bloom to-night."

She carried out her promise. With Winnie's help in trimming and arranging, the somewhat gloomy rooms of the old mansion put on a festive look, and when the chandeliers were lit, formed a pleasant background for the young girls as they assisted Mrs. Benedict to receive her guests in the evening.

As Winnie and Alice entered the drawing-room, the old lady raised her eye-glasses and looked at them in unconcealed surprise. Could that be Winnie, who so delighted in drabs and browns, that most of her dresses were chosen in those tints?

As she came in and caught her aunt's eyes she flushed, and smiled deprecatingly at her. The reason of her toilet was a self-evident one.

If the professor liked greys and browns, she would wear white.

No one should ever say that she, Winifred Payson, had tried to attract him. Mrs. Benedict read her motive, and for a moment was thoroughly vexed; that is, as much as one of her easy-going nature could be.

Her frown, however, was soon displaced by a smile, for Winnie looked very lovely.

Her tall, slender figure carried off the clinging white drapery very gracefully, and the crimson rosebuds nestling in her dark hair, and beneath the round, white throat, added just enough colour to set off the pale, pure face, and brilliant dark eyes.

But Alice—could she have turned into such a little brown wren as that?

And yet she was almost more attractive-looking than ever.

The spice of mischief which had transformed her, lent a bewitching glow to her saucy brown eyes, and heightened the colour in her cheeks till they rivalled the pink carnations which, surrounded by white marguerites, formed her bouquet and sole ornaments.

The guests had nearly all arrived when the professor came, accompanied by a friend. He was a stranger in the place, and Winnie had never seen him, although, from often hearing him spoken of, she had formed an idea of his



personal appearance; and as the footman announced their names in stentorian tones as they entered, she made up her mind in an instant which of the two was the grave man of letters.

Her aunt was in the centre of a pleasant group, so it devolved upon Winnie, as one of the hostesses, to receive him.

She bowed with easy grace, and turning, introduced him to Alice, giving him over at once to her tender mercies:

"Professor Norman—my cousin, Miss Dover."

The other gentleman's name had escaped her, but she murmured something which bridged over the awkwardness of the occasion. Allie bowed to both, then gave her full attention to the professor, and Winifred was left to entertain his friend.

He was an elegant-looking gentleman, perhaps thirty years old, with a face capable of expressing in silence more than many could by speech.

He was a fluent conversationalist, and Winnie found herself listening to him with great interest, and was several times beguiled into saying things which she usually would have rebuked herself for confiding to a stranger.

The evening passed away like a pleasant dream. At its close, after all the guests had gone, Allie and Winnie compared notes, and each was enthusiastic as to the merits of their respective entertainers.

"I am perfectly charmed with that dear old Professor, he listened to me so attentively. I brushed up all the natural history I could think of, and if I made any mistake he was too polite to show it. I tell you, Miss Winnie, I am going to keep up my rôle while I am here. No more gay colours for me. I am a brownie for the next month. But, Win, how did you feel in your snowy robes? They didn't look at all out of place. If I were you I'd adopt white. You look so lovely, I must kiss you!" she adapted the action to the words.

Winnie blushed at her cousin's praise, but she returned the kiss, and then said:

"Don't be too personal, dear. I know you don't mean it; but I'm not used to compliments, and cannot take them gracefully. I'm glad you were pleased with the professor, for I felt a little guilty at monopolising the attractive one of the two."

"I beg your pardon, dear; opinions differ. I'm sure you were not half as well entertained as I. But what made you call him old? There was not the trace of a white hair among his scholarly locks, nor a wrinkle across his forehead."

"Wasn't there?" said Winnie, absently. "I may be mistaken, then. He may not be old. Sometimes quite young men win honours and are made much of."

"Well, I'm tired. Good-night and pleasant dreams."

"Good-night."

So the girls parted, each to her own quiet room, and thoughts.

Two or three evenings after the professor and his friend made their party call. As before, Alice entertained the elder of the two and Winifred the younger.

Awe of the gentleman's attainments could not keep merry Allie's tongue still, and she chatted away as vivaciously and musically as a wood-robin, which, by-the-bye, she resembled in her dress, for though clinging to her pet idea of dressing in brown, her love of gay colours had caused her to don a cherry-coloured vest. Her companion was evidently well pleased, judging by the rapt way in which he studied the sparkling young face.

Winifred was looking superbly beautiful. It was as though some magician had removed a mask from her face, so completely was it changed in expression.

Smiles curved the exquisitely cut lips—upon the centre of each cheek a damask rose seemed slumbering amid its dimples—and her large eyes were laughing with happy light.

The Claremont charm, of which her auntie spoke so often, had cast its mantle upon her at last.

She had been showing her guests a collection of rare cameos, each one of which possessed a history.

At last a momentary silence fell upon them, and Winnie's eyes sparkled with mischievous fire, as she heard Allie's voice.

She was still, as she had told Winnie, airing her knowledge of things which had lain dormant in her memory since her school days.

Involuntarily Winifred listened, and, much to her surprise, heard this reply as Allie appealed for information on some forgotten name—low-spoken, but clearly accented it came—she could not be mistaken:

"I am sorry, Miss Dover, for I fear I shall lose in your estimation by my confession of ignorance; you seem to be so fond of, and so unusually well-informed on these subjects. The truth is, I know very little about them. My good friend—the professor can tell you. He has them at his tongue's end."

There was a momentary, embarrassing pause. Alice and Winifred looked at each other a moment, then, spite of all her efforts at restraint, Allie surprised the gentleman and horrified her cousin by bursting into a peal of merry ringing laughter.

It was very odd, to be sure, but the contagion proved irresistible, and without knowing what they were laughing at, the two gentlemen smiled too.

After a time Alice sobered down, and, much to the surprise of the friends, she explained the puzzle. The truth was, Winifred had taken the wrong person to be Professor Norman, and had made herself as bewitching as she knew how to the very one whom she had intended to disenchant. A formal introduction now took place.

Alice found her particular acquaintance to be a clergyman, the Rev. Arthur Dudley, and she liked him fully as well when she learned the truth.

Strange to say, her gay, sunny nature had fully captivated the grave, serious man, who looked out upon life with such a feeling of responsibility weighing upon his heart, that it was an absolute joy to meet a young fellow-creature so overflowing with the wine of existence.

The attraction was mutual. His dark, thoughtful face had strangely won upon Allie's fancy when she first looked upon it; and her subsequent acquaintance with him deepened the charm, until, at the last, when he asked her for her love, she felt that she could willingly give up a life for mere worldly pleasure and become his wife, though he did not leave her in ignorance of the onerous duties which would devolve upon the mistress of a pastor's home, and sharer of his labours and anxieties.

But Winifred, the proud, shy maiden, who had put herself into a new line of action, so as not to win the professor—how fared she?

Like other mortal maidens. The saucy boy-god had launched an arrow straight into her heart, and each tender glance of Professor Norman's eloquent eyes riveted it in all the more firmly; and once within love's magical influence, she ceased to care for aught but the joy of seeing him, and listening to his deep musical voice, whose softened tones betrayed his love long before he clothed it in definite words.

Aunt Benedict's heart will be made happy next autumn.

She sees that the Claremont blood has not ceased to flow in the veins of her sister's children, for there is to be a brilliant wedding at her home for her darling Winnie, at which Allie and her lover will stand as first bridesmaid and best man.

Then in a month's time Winnie will wear her bridal dress at her cousin's home, and give her good wishes at the starting point of her wifely duties.

So we leave them; each having cause to rejoice at the mistake of Winnie in inferring that the most serious of the two strangers must be the professor whom she wished to avoid.

M. C. M.

## THE GOOD BOY.

A WELL-DRESSED boy, about ten years old, stood in front of the Mansion House the other day eating an apple. A ragged urchin, having a rag-bag over his shoulder, stood close by, and looked as if he would give his hat and boots for one bite of the fruit. A gentleman noted the situation, and was greatly pleased to see the lad suddenly hand over the apple to the envious rag-picker.

"That's a good boy—that was real charity!" exclaimed the gentleman, as he patted the boy on the head.

"Yes, I felt sorry for him," replied the boy—"and I'd got down to a big worm-hole, too!"

## AT THE OPERA.

WHEN a certain operatic company were performing at Liverpool, a sea-captain, just arrived in port, was presented with a ticket for the opera.

When the performance was over, he was asked by a friend how he liked it.

"Well," answered he, "I know very little about music, and can't pretend to be a judge. I liked some things pretty well, but I rather think that some of the singers didn't know their business. There was one who screeched and tore about, I thought, in an abominable way; and other folk thought so, too, for they made her do it a second time."

## DO NOT BEGIN WRONG.

IN one of the numerous miserable divorce suits which have recently been tried in this city, a letter was put in evidence from the husband to the wife, in which he writes:

"We began wrong, continued wrong, and have ended wrong."

They had begun by marrying when, as the wife contended, the husband did not love her as he ought, and when, as she often asserted, she did not love him; they had continued together wretchedly unhappy, she confessing that she loved another; and at length they had separated.

The disgraceful trial will be made to answer one good purpose if it serves as a warning to other couples not to marry unless they are reciprocally and deeply in love. The continuing wrong and ending wrong naturally follow when, as in the instance we are considering, the beginning was wrong—wrong from a want of mutual affection.

## LIFE LENGTHENED.

IN all countries and latitudes, the well-to-do live longer than the poor by an average of eleven years; this shows the deleterious influence of an anxious mind on the bodily health, the anxiety for to-morrow's bread. Pensioned persons live indefinitely long; the poor-houses of Great Britain can any day turn out a large army of men and women among the eighties and nineties who have been in those institutions for twenty and thirty years.

THE EFFECT OF TOO MUCH WATER.—Sir Wilfrid Lawson, in the course of a speech on the Permissive Bill, at Dudley, the other night, made the following remarks: "If the Duke of Edinburgh were to shoot his father-in-law now he would be handed down to posterity in iniquity; but if war were declared and the Duke shot the Czar, he would receive a vote of thanks, proposed by Lord Beaconsfield—(laughter), seconded by Lord Granville—(more laughter)—and supported by the Archbishop of Canterbury." (Loud laughter.)

## A STRINGENT GAME LAW.

Those who maintain that game laws are the remains of the feudal system will probably be somewhat surprised at the recent game laws passed for one of the States of the greatest republic in the world. On March the 25th of the present year, according to an American contemporary, the Iowa Legislature passed a game law, which provides amongst its sections that it shall be unlawful for any person within that State to shoot or kill any pinnated grouse or prairie chicken between the first day of December and the first day of September next following; any woodcock between the 1st day of January and the 10th day of July; any ruffed grouse or pheasant, wild turkey or quail, between the 1st day of January and the first day of October; any wild duck or snipe, goose or brant, between the 1st day of May and the 15th day of August, or any wild deer, elk, or fawn between the 1st day of January and the 1st day of September; that it shall be unlawful for any person at any time, or at any place within that State, to shoot or kill for traffic any pinnated grouse or prairie chicken, snipe, woodcock, quail, ruffed grouse, or pheasant.

For any one person to shoot or kill during any one day more than twenty-five of either kind of said named birds; or for any one person, firm, or corporation to have more than twenty-five of either kind of said named birds in his or their possession at any one time, unless lawfully received for transportation; or to catch or take, or attempt to catch or take, with any trap, snare, or net of the birds or animals named in section 2 of this Act, or in any manner wilfully to destroy the eggs or nests of any of the birds so intended to be protected from destruction. It also makes it unlawful for any person, company, or corporation to buy or sell or have in possession any of the birds or animals named above during the period when the killing of such birds or animals is prohibited, except during the first five days of such prohibited period. It is also made unlawful for any person, company, or corporation at any time to ship, take, or carry out of the State any of the birds or animals named in this Act; but it shall be lawful for any person to ship to any person within this State any game birds named, not to exceed one dozen in number in any one day during the period when by this Act the killing of such birds is not prohibited.

Where will our anti-game-law agitators now be able to point to a condition of things parallel to that which they wish to establish in England.

## EARTHQUAKES.

In a communication to the Academy of Sciences, St. Petersburg, Mr. Magnus Nyren, of the Observatory, Pulkowa, states that the great earthquake on the coast of South America, in May of last year, was perceptible at Pulkowa, by a tremor of the instrument with which he was observing the passage of a star; that the tremor continued sufficiently long to be satisfactorily verified, and that there was no disturbance in the neighbourhood by which it could have been occasioned.

## NOTES FROM MADRID.

A BOOK of the greatest interest for the history of the conquest of America has just appeared in Madrid, "Cartas de Indias." It consists of a thick folio of about nine hundred pages, printed on hand-made paper, and illustrated with fac-similes of letters, autographs, and reproductions of old maps. The book is admirably got up, and the Count of Toreno, the zealous Minister of Public Instruction, deserves the highest praise for having, by his exertions and Government support, brought out this volume.

It contains 108 letters, of the leading person-

ages who, during the sixteenth century, were in any way connected with the discovery of the affairs of America and the Philippine Islands. Twenty-seven of the most important of these letters have been reproduced by photo-lithograph; twenty-two plates have been given, containing 249 fac-similes of signatures, beginning with that of Christopher Columbus, and coats of arms belonging to different persons; a drawing copied from an old document, which represents the spot in which was kept the treasure of the Incas, "Trazo del tesoro de los Incas;" and maps of the Rivers Amazon, Esquivio, and Orinoco, the West Indies, Mexico, and Costa Firme, and the Straits of Magellan and Le Maire.

The letters have been selected and divided into three groups. One contains those of Columbus, Amerigo Vesputi, Bartolemé de las Casas, and Bernal Diaz del Castillo; another those that belong especially to New Spain, Central America, Peru, and the Rio de la Plata, ending with a series which especially refer to the Philippine Islands. The text is accompanied by notes, a geographical vocabulary, an interesting biographical dictionary of the persons mentioned in the text, and a small glossary of American words, or those which are out of use.

## FACETIÆ.

## "OUR BOYS."

(Mrs. Bull loquitur.)

"No, Derby (Beaky, you be off!),  
You shall not go to school;  
The boys have got a Russian cough—  
I'll get some Berlin wool  
And with it stop your little ears,  
You darling, mother's joy!  
I will, you dearest of all dears,  
Then you won't hear him, boy." —Fun.

## THE DRY-WEATHER DUKE.

GRIS Cambridge, "Shall I have no quarter,  
Simply because I can't stand water?  
The thing's enough to raise one's ire,  
air;  
A soldier's duty is to stand fire, air."  
Good for his Grace; yet folks ask  
whether  
Mars shouldn't brave them both together,  
And go, ere England should surrender,  
Through fire and water to defend her?  
—Funny Folks.

## SAGE REFLECTIONS.

(By a Man of his Thyme.)

"PAY as you go."  
You have to at most pubs. They won't give you credit, you see.  
"Never rub against the grain."  
This is especially reprehensive "when the bloom is on the rye."  
It might get rubbed off.  
"Catch the bear before you sell his (s)kin."  
As he would probably object to seeing his relatives put up to auction, there is sound sense in this maxim after all.  
"Idleness is the route of all evil."  
In other words:  
"It is the broad road which leads straight to destruction."  
"Cut your coat according to your cloth."  
Just so.

For example, if your cloth has been stolen, the best shape would be a "cut-away."  
"A small spark makes a great fire."  
Which teaches, if it teaches anything, that a woman should wed her most diminutive suitor if she wishes, after marriage, to habitually lay in bed till the matutinal kettle boils.  
—Funny Folks.

## CARPUS MORTUUS.

How ghosts become possessed of clothes, or the ghosts of clothes, has long been an unsolved

difficulty. The explanation probably is this: That as ghosts are the spirits of persons who have died, their garments are the ghosts of clothes dyed also.  
—Fun.

## WANTED TO KNOW.

THE length of a "native's" beard? And do oysters ever shave theirs?  
—Judy.

## THOROUGHNESS.

THE betting prosecutions which have been carried on with so much vigour by the City authorities have created much consternation among the so-called "sporting fraternity." It is rumoured that the next step will be against the larks for gambling on Sunday.  
—Judy.

## THE OXFORD ELECTION.

THE Tories cry, "'Twere fatal Smith to choose;

Brains are so dang'rous without sound church views;"

But no suspicion in their mind remains

Sound church views may be dangerous without brains.  
—Punch.

## POSTS—POSITIVE, AND COMPARATIVE.

"HERE stands a post!" cries Clement Scott.

He's not the biggest hoaster.

Scott, champion bill-sticker, we've got—

Who cries, "Here stands a Poster!"  
—Punch.

## QUEER FISH AT THE AQUARIUM.

SHOALS of Grigs—merry little shoals!  
A sword fish—the only kind of sword least to be feared when drawn.  
Two file fishes—very rough customers.  
A little dog fish—a kind of water spaniel.  
(Query: Does it pay the dog tax?)  
A favourite carp—not to be trampled under foot because it happens to be a carp-pet.  
A jumper fish—taken in the spring tides.  
Pipe fish—the best kind of fish for smoking purposes.  
Plaice—the "plaice to spend a happy day" in the Aquarium.  
Skeleton screw shrimps—boney-fide specimens.  
—Funny Folks.

## AN IRISH RECOMMENDATION.

AN Irish jeweller, in advertising Waltham watches, in the "Cork Daily Herald," describes this species of watch as a more durable and reliable timekeeper than the English lever, at three times its cost!!  
—Punch.

## TOO PARTICULAR.

LADY (to waiter): "Don't put that ice into the goblet with your fingers."  
WAITER: "Lor, ma'am, I don't mind; my hands are very warm."

## VERY SMALL BEER.

How cheap beer was in the "good old days" of Queen Bess! Not only were there twopenny ales and penny ales, but even farthing-ales!

## LAW MENDER AND LAW MARTYR.

"REFORM and codify the Law as well."

Tempt not, rash man, the fate which all foretell.

Read Stephen, read the future in the past:

Must our first martyr also be our last?  
—Funny Folks.

## A DEEP LAKE.

A LAND speculator in America, in describing a lake on an estate in Cumberland county, says it is so clear and so deep, that by looking into it you can see them making tea in China.

## THAT UMBRELLA.

A BOY stood an umbrella, with a cord tied to it, in a public doorway.  
Eleven persons thought that that umbrella was theirs, and carried it with them the length of the string.  
They then suddenly dropped it, and went off



without once looking back or stopping to pick it up again.

#### RIGHT AND WRONG WHALES.

SMITH'S SOUND, lat 82 deg. N.

MR. PUNCH,

SIR,—I am astonished at some people's impudence—Mr. Farini's especially. I learn from a friendly porpoise who has lately been making a run up the Thames with a family party, that after placarding London streets with "The Whale's Coming!" he has dared to announce the arrival of one of our family in the Westminster Aquarium. He has got his friends in the newspapers to make a mighty fuss about its capture off Labrador, where, we are very solemnly informed—

"That a constant supply of these 'monsters of the deep' may be readily obtained for the future. Mr. Farini has, through his agents, secured the exclusive right of the Whale fishery off a large portion of the Labrador coast, and purchased an enclosed bay, serving as a kind of 'Whale preserve.'"

Will you believe me, sir, when I assure you that the new arrival so pompously heralded is not a member of the Whale family at all, but belongs to another and very different branch of the Cetacean family—the Dolphins—is a Beluga, in fact, not a Balena.

He may be "very like a whale," but a Whale he is not. His colour, size, the position of his blow-holes, all give the lie to his claim to rank with,

Sir, Your Obedient Servant,

THE RIGHT WHALE

(Balena Mysticetus).

—Punch.

#### THINGS NOT SO GENERALLY KNOWN AS THEY OUGHT TO BE.

THAT the evening song of the nightingale is nice, but that the morning lay of the barndoor fowl is nicer.

That the end of the longest wail is always blubber.

That Her Majesty's ships are frequently put into stays, but they only wear barnacles when they go to sea.

That some lovers' quarrels begin, and that many end, with a smack.

That, although one swallow may not make a summer, yet an inverted tin-tack on a chair will make one spring.

That cold mutton makes a really most excellent dinner—when you can't get anything better.

That the real and only correct system of book-keeping is not to lend them.

That it is very difficult to keep your own peace of mind if the wife of your bosom will insist on frequently giving you a piece of hers.

That, although it is quite true "poets are born, not made," a goodish lot of other folks, not poets, have to undergo the same process, at least once in their lives.

That the proper bird for your baby is a crow.

And, that you and your wife are not one but ten, inasmuch as she is number one whilst you go for nought.

—Punch.

#### WHAT SHE WAS LOOKING FOR.

AN old lady from Galashiels, having paid a visit to the North of England, lately set out on her journey home again.

After procuring her ticket at the railway station, she hurried along the platform twice or thrice, with a large umbrella under her arm and a bonnet-box in her hand, in search of a carriage in which to accommodate herself, but without finding one suitable.

At length, however, she espied one which appeared to her the most desirable and opened the door, but as she did so a gentleman, the only occupant of the compartment, barred her entrance, saying:

"You mustn't come in here, my good woman—you mustn't come in here."

"What for?" asked the old lady, sharply.

"It's a smoking compartment," answered the gentleman.

"Gudeness, man, that's the very thing I'm lookin' for," and, raising her umbrella threateningly, she cried, "Get oot o' that an' let's in!"

The gentleman could not resist such an appeal, and the old lady gained admission. After carefully depositing her umbrella and bonnet-box on the seat, she drew out her black cutty pipe and soon enveloped herself in a cloud of smoke.

#### STATISTICS.

COUNTY COURTS.—It appears from a Parliamentary return that the number of plaints entered in county courts in England and Wales from January 1 to December 31, 1877, were as follows:—Not exceeding £20, 1,007,563; between £20 and £50, 19,879; and above £50, by agreement, 384; 603,146 actions were determined without and 1,101 with a jury; 10,261 were decided in favour of the defendant, 9,906 ended in a nonsuit, and in the remainder judgment was given for the plaintiff. The total amount for which plaints were entered was £3,330,246; the amount of debts for which judgments were obtained by the plaintiffs on the original hearing was £1,571,976. The costs, exclusive of fees, were £116,531, and the total amount of fees on all proceedings was £429,655.

#### GOOD TIDINGS.

WHEN the birds return in spring-time

From a land that is afar,  
Where the absent and the dear ones,  
My beloved kindred, are,  
I listen to their singing  
With a joy sweet as can be,  
For they seem to bring good tidings  
Of the absent ones to me.

I think I hear loved voices  
In the pure, melodious notes  
That pour, a flood of music,  
From the woodland songsters' throats;  
And I fancy I hear laughter,  
Sweetly ringing loud and free,  
From my absent, loving kindred  
Who send words of cheer to me.

Oh, little birds, keep singing  
Your pleasant roundelays,  
So that life's fairest sunshine  
May brighten all my days;  
For while I hear your carols  
From mead, or bush, or tree,  
I am thinking of my kindred  
So far away from me.

When the summer days are over,  
And again you take your flight  
To that far-off land where flowers,  
Are ever fresh and bright,  
I will let you bear a message  
On your pinions light and free—  
Let you take my love and blessing  
To my kindred far from me.

C. D.

#### GEMS.

NEGLECT the whole world beside rather than one another.

LET the bent of thy thoughts be to mend thyself rather than the world.

THAT laughter costs too much which is purchased by the sacrifice of decency.

IF one is angry, let the other part the lips only for a kiss.

PROMISES ought not to be made lightly—but when we have promised we ought scrupulously to keep our word.

SOME persons are capable of making great

sacrifices, but few are capable of concealing how much the effort has cost them, and it is this concealment that constitutes their value.

#### HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

DEVILLED LOBSTER.—Boil about six pounds of lobster, and when cold pick it into fine shreds; to one-half pint of cream add one-half teaspoonful of ground mustard, a salt-spoonful of cayenne pepper, one-quarter pound of butter; boil this dressing, and then stir in the yolks of two raw eggs (beaten) until it begins to thicken; throw in the lobster, and stir it until it is warmed through; put it back into the opened lobster shells and sprinkle bread-crumbs and little pieces of butter over the top; brown in the oven; serve with lettuce leaves.

COLD SLAW.—Beat two eggs ten minutes, and add two gills of vinegar and a little mustard; stir until it boils, when it will be thick like a custard; cut the cabbage fine, just before dinner, and throw a little salt over it; add to the cold sauce a gill of milk; mix it, and pour it over the cabbage, which should be in the dish in which it is to be served. The cabbage should not lay long after it is cut, as it wilts.

WINE JELLY.—One ounce of gelatine, half-ounce of stick cinnamon, juice of three lemons, one teaspoonful of lemon flavoured; sweeten to taste; one pint of sherry wine; soak gelatine in a pint of cold water; boil the cinnamon in a pint and a half of cold water; mix together; then put wine, lemons, and sugar; strain all; put in moulds until solid.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

THE QUEEN, it is said, has expressed her wish that no clergyman should be imprisoned for his conscientious religious convictions, so there is a good deal of doubt felt as to the next step which will be taken with the so-called Protestant clergymen whose religious convictions lead them to wound the religious scruples of Protestants.

THE Italian managers are beginning to regret the money paid to Madame Patti and Nicolini. At Milan it is said that the diva had saved the direction, but such was not the case. The nine performances produced 88,000*l.* Other expenses amounted to 35,000*l.*, being together 125,000*l.* The two artists received 90,000*l.* The direction has consequently lost 33,000 francs.

IN Paris jokes on the Exhibition are in order. A widowed mother of penurious habits, with an only son, is reported to have called on a physician in reference to her boy's health. She described his symptoms, among which was want of appetite. The doctor said it was only the lassitude of spring. "Let me treat him, and I will give him a stomach to devour all before him." The widow thought a moment. "Provisions will be so dear when the Exposition opens! It is better to let him remain as he is."

ONE of the most curious exhibits of the Hungarian section at the Universal Exhibition is a monster barrel, large enough to contain from 150 to 200 persons. The interior is frescoed with handsome paintings representing grape-gathering scenes in Hungary. The construction of this enormous cask cost over 10,000 florins, and three cars were required to transport it dismounted to Paris.

A JOINT roasted by the heat of the sun is one of the chief attractions of the grounds of the Paris Exhibition, where M. Mouchot, a Tours professor, when the clouds permit, daily cooks a portion of meat by means of a strong reflector. On one day he succeeded in boiling sufficient water for three cups of coffee in three-quarters of an hour. In Algeria, where the sun naturally possesses greater power, Professor Mouchot has roasted quails in twenty minutes. What would he do in England in the merry and moist month of June?

